

★ July

The American **Mercury**



What About "The Revolution"? . *Harold Lord Varney*
The Dangers of Sexual Abstinence . *Edwin W. Hirsch*
Wanted: A National Lottery . . . *Anthony M. Turano*
The Truth About Hay Fever . . . *August A. Thomen*
America's Wet-Nurse Bureaucracy . . *Eugene Pharo*
The Murder of Lincoln . . . *John W. Thomason, Jr.*
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Portrait of the Naval Academy . . . *Fletcher Pratt*
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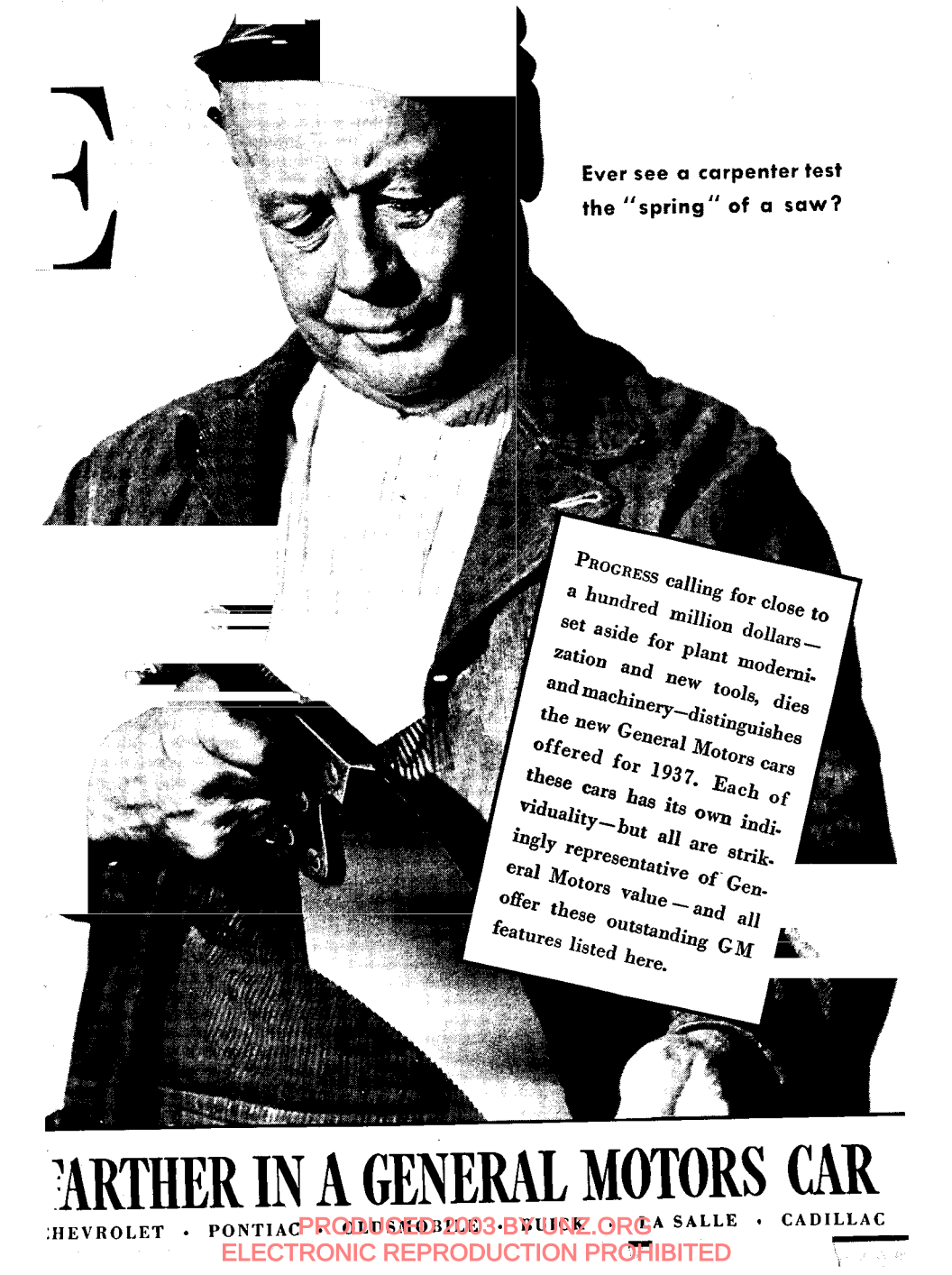
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VOLUME
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Published by The American Mercury, Inc., monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date, at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial office, Ridgefield, Conn. General offices, 570 Lexington avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1937, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as

second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. No reproduction of content allowed without written permission. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. Address all editorial correspondence and manuscripts to Ridgefield, Connecticut.

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The American MERCURY

WHAT ABOUT "THE REVOLUTION"?

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

EVER since the New Era faded so dismally into the Depression, the best minds of the Republic have been grappling feverishly with the question of whether proletarian revolution is a possibility in America. Agitated discussions of this problem have been heard in the fastnesses of corporation board rooms and in decorous metropolitan clubs. Sober-voiced consideration of the possibility has been a theme of faculty baccalaureates in universities, and of breath-bated lectures in forums and Town Halls. And almost everywhere, the discussion has ended upon the question-mark of disbelief.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis, adopting the mantle of one Doremus Jessup, has given us a sensationalized forecast of a *coup d'État* as seen from the

Green Mountains of Vermont. Unfortunately, Mr. Lewis' widely-read shocker begged the whole question of proletarian revolution by portraying an unconvincing Fascist uprising in which noble Communist agitators joined hands with Liberalism in a successful defense of democracy against as fiendish an aggregation of "Fascist" villains as has ever been collected in a single cast since the passing of the ten-twenty-thirty stage. The grotesque picture of Stalin-led Communists offering their life-blood to preserve American democracy is a fair indication of the realism with which Mr. Lewis approached his thesis.

Yet despite such clumsy attempts to draw the "Fascist" herring across the trail, the question of Commu-

nist revolution in America remains a disturbing incalculable. Concededly, the revolutionary ground has been faithfully prepared. Sixty years of fitful Socialist and Communist propaganda have left their imprint. Moreover, the magic example of successful European Red prototypes has kindled quenchless ambition in the breasts of our native careerists. The colossal picture of Soviet Russia, where well-meaning Liberals like Lincoln Steffens could be convinced that "I have seen the future and it works", has been a propagandic force of inestimable momentum in the present unstable America. And if, as Harry Elmer Barnes once put it, "it is probably true that a great majority of the best American minds under forty years of age are today, in differing degrees, sympathetic with Communism", it may be concluded that the intellectual subsoil for future revolution has been effectively laid. What, then, are the chances for its success?

There are two obvious approaches to this question. The first, and usual, approach is to survey the social and economic factors which contribute to the present national unrest, and to determine whether they point to a revolutionary climax. The second is to evalu-

ate the human material which is at the command of the American Red movement in terms of possible revolutionary action.

To commence with the former, when we attempt to weigh the social and economic factors in the national equation, we find ourselves facing the grave danger of rationalization. On the one hand, there is the Radical inclination to over-emphasize the factors indicating revolution. Conversely, there is the disposition, now prevalent among Conservatives, to minimize the forces of unrest. The wishful-thinkers of Radicalism, of course, see revolutionary possibilities around every corner. Among the truly comic exhibits of our time are the grave and solemn Jeremiads in the *Daily Worker* where revolution-haunted editorialists see vast historic significances in every petty political intrigue. But even when we discount ninety per cent of the exuberance of the professional Communist forecasts, we still find ourselves confronted with a formidable body of evidence to indicate revolutionary possibilities in America. Not even Dr. Roosevelt's Economic Royalists would deny that there have been fundamental changes in public psychology since the watershed year, 1929. Old loyalties and habit patterns upon which

American capitalism could formerly rely for mass support have been weakened. A skepticism concerning the capacity of American business leadership is discernible in every social stratum. The defection of the intellectuals is perhaps the most significant sign of this changed attitude. The intellectuals, sensitive as they are to changing thought-currents, have always been the harbingers of fundamental popular revulsions. Accordingly, it is momentous that talk of inevitable collectivism and the "necessity of social planning" is becoming almost a commonplace among the "Liberal" bellwethers.

To select only three random illustrations from the grist of the recent news, we see Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, an outstanding Protestant leader, declaring solemnly in his pulpit that "a co-operative society is a Christian ideal". In the Roman Catholic faith, we hear Dr. John A. Lapp declaring to a convention of Deweyites that "inexorable fate has decreed that there will be socialization". Still more significant, we see the Federal Council of Churches, putative representative of 22,000,000 church members, bringing Toyohiko Kagawa to America to give his lectures in advocacy of the non-profit ideal of co-operation. Of

course, neither Dr. Fosdick nor Dr. Lapp, nor the officers of the Federal Council, would admit themselves to be Socialist sympathizers. The effect, however, of their propaganda—based as it is upon the assumption of the ethical iniquity of the profit system—is more devastating to American capitalism than all the overt assaults of the Thomases and the Browders. These "Liberal" critics of the present economic order have become a powerful and protective cushion for the once-isolated advocates of extreme Communism.

The far-reaching influence of these new cultural allies is seen in the growing tolerance of Communism in the national press. While the change has been gradual and unheralded, it is an event of great significance. History shows that when an idea, which has long been under interdict, achieves respectability, its political triumph becomes a matter of indisputable possibility. A comparison of the present insolent self-confidence of organized Communism with its furtive friendlessness of twelve years ago indicates the distance the Browderites have traveled since Bridgeman. Then the Communists were skulking hopelessly in a secret underground party, which held its meetings and received its instructions

from Russia in clandestine outings among sand dunes. Even the Socialists and the Parlor Pinks shuddered at the thought of Communist contamination. State legislatures were enacting criminal syndicalism laws illegalizing all Communist activities. A so-called Workers Party was being stealthily put together as an open political representative of the underground organization, and its Communist identity was being sternly disavowed. The press of the period, when it mentioned the American Communists at all, spoke of them with that cutting contempt which American journalism reserves for its necessary allusions to the ladies of the streets.

Today, Communism is still a puny political force, but it is no longer disdained. Mr. Browder and Mr. Foster no longer address their disciples stealthily — the Columbia Broadcasting Company gives Mr. Browder a gratuitous nation-wide hook-up which brings his voice to millions. The meetings of the party are no longer held in jeopardy of interference: nowadays, it is the Communists and their "Liberal" allies who do the threatening whenever anti-Communist public officials deny the Stalinites the use of public halls.

In the press, the paradoxical

situation has arisen wherein the Left-wingers actually enjoy an advantage over their Conservative critics in many of the most influential publications. The magazine field is heavily weighted in favor of the Left, and a writer who becomes known as a full-hearted opponent of Radical trends quickly finds a subtle boycott operating against him in practically all the so-called "Liberal" magazines. Even the conservative, capitalist-owned daily newspapers have, in many instances, undergone a striking change in their treatment of Communist news. In a speech last October before the National Press Club in Washington, Mr. Browder boasted that "this year we have experienced an unusual hospitality to the Communists in the press of this country". The hospitality was so extraordinary that the Communists in the 1936 presidential campaign employed a press-clipping publicity man who gathered the laudatory comments on Mr. Browder which appeared in the capitalist papers, and gleefully reprinted them for the delectation of the readers of the *Daily Worker*.

Now what is the significance of this remarkable change in the public attitude toward the once-despised Communist? Only one

interpretation is possible. Communism, thanks to the growing popularity of Leftist ideas among all social classes in America, has won acceptance as a possible political alternative. It is no longer bracketed in the non-Radical mind with the untouchables of the underworld. It has penetrated the periphery of acceptance.

II

Coincident with the extraordinary respectabilization of the Communists in the intellectual and publicity fields has come a significant drawing together of Communism and organized Labor. The process is still carefully disguised under such innocuous phrases as "vertical unionism" and "independent political action", but there are growing indications of a new willingness of trade unionists to co-operate fraternally with the Reds.

A few years ago, Communists were being hunted like mad dogs out of every union. Membership in the Communist Party was an offense punishable, under the rules of the major union bodies, by immediate expulsion. Today the expulsion clauses are still in the rule books, but they are no longer enforced. In 1923, at the Portland A. F. of L. convention, the possibil-

ity that Communism would be able to reappear openly in the Federation was regarded as so remote that the lone Communist delegate, William F. Dunne, when expelled as a Red, shouted to the convention as he departed: "I will meet you on the barricades!" So far from meeting the A. F. of L. on the barricades, Communism is now openly meeting the Federation officials in numerous industries as a participating wing of the trade union movement. A survey of the trade union status of the delegates who attended the Communist 1936 nominating convention, which was published in the *Daily Worker*, showed that 223 delegates, or seventy per cent of the total, were A. F. of L. cardholders, in contrast to only thirty-eight A. F. of L. members at the previous convention. And of the 223, it was boasted that eighty-five were occupants of executive offices in A. F. of L. unions. Such interpenetration, in the face of the fact that Communists are still officially barred from the A. F. of L., is a testimony to the new attitude which has come over trade unionism in the last few years.

As a matter of fact, the effort to exclude Reds has been all but abandoned by the trade union leaders. Outspoken Communists now

openly head important units of the A. F. of L. and the CIO. In New York, Ben Gold and his furrier group who, a few years ago, were scourged out of the International Fur Workers in a long and violent Communist-hunt directed by Edward F. McGrady, were permitted to return to the A. F. of L. in a body, unchastened and insolent, and Gold, an active party member, has since been elected to the international presidency. In 1933, Louis Weinstock was expelled from the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators, and Paper Hangers as a Communist trouble-maker; in 1935, he was permitted to rejoin and to win election to the secretary-treasurership of District Council No. 9, where he reigns as master over 15,000 A. F. of L. members. And to cite a third instance, the American Federation of Teachers, in which President Green attempted two years ago to settle a struggle for control between the Communist and Socialist factions by instituting an Executive Council investigation of the Communist group, met in 1936 in convention and contemptuously rejected Mr. Green's recommendations by an overwhelming vote. The Leftist faction remains in control without action by Washington. These and similar recent occurrences have

convinced even the most unyielding trade union Conservatives that the anti-Communist policy is a dead letter.

The present uprising of the Committee for Industrial Organization under John L. Lewis has still further strengthened the Communists in the trade union movement. Mr. Lewis, who in 1923 was a Saul of Tarsus in his diatribes against the Communists, has now become their champion in the labor movement. At the head of his CIO he has placed John Brophy, whom he once denounced as an agent of the Soviets. Himself the former champion "Red-baiter" in the A. F. of L., he has recently shown his changed attitude by employing scores of Communist agitators and frankly adopting the Communist Class-War technique.

The fact that a hardboiled, practical-minded trade unionist of the Lewis type would reverse his lifelong attitude toward the Reds must be considered as a significant straw. Mr. Lewis is an opportunist politician: his mind is virginally free of the ideologies which vex congenital Radicals. By making peace with the Communists, he reveals that he has become convinced that they represent a powerful and ascendant influence in the American Labor movement. Their posi-

tion is immensely strengthened by this Lewis benediction.

The net of it all is that Red revolution has become much more likely in America as a consequence of this new entente between Communists and trade unionism. Its effect has been to multiply the size of the Red audience many-fold. So long as Communism was cut off impotently from the main body of the organized American workers, it remained in sectarian impotence. Today, Communism is at last in touch with the American labor masses. It is no longer a despised outsider: it is in the council seats of the powerful trade union movement.

III

The third and decisive factor in rehabilitating Communist prestige in the last few years has been the newly-gained support of the "Liberal" politicians. For the first time in their shabby careers, the Browders and the Fosters find themselves with influential friends at court, ready to spring to the Communist defense in any situation of suppression or attack. This is a startling new development, the import of which has not yet been assessed by the general public. A few years ago, the political aroma

of Communism was so malodorous that no public officeholder could be persuaded to touch a Communist-labelled issue. Today, the cagey "Liberal" politicians still maintain the pose of stern non-Communism, but a surprisingly large number of them are now willing to co-operate publicly with the Reds in the various "Innocents" movements which the party is constantly launching. The political mind is beginning to play with the idea that there are votes rather than ruin in Communist friendship.

In the 1936 and present sessions of Congress, evidence has been shown of this new tolerance in the sponsorship of several Communist-written bills by old Party members. The most discussed of these measures was the Social Insurance Bill, which was drawn up by a Communist-organized committee which staged an impressive demonstration of Radicals in Washington in its behalf. While Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation was the apparent front for the enterprise, the actual organizing work was directed by two leading members of the Communist Party — Herbert Benjamin and Louis Weinstock. Despite the origin of the proposal, it was introduced in the Senate by Republican Senator Frazier and in the House

by Farmer-Laborite Lundeen. During the past two years Mr. Lundeen, who has now been elected to the United States Senate, has appeared repeatedly as a speaker at New York demonstrations arranged under various guises by the Communists.

Furthermore, no analysis of the present political background of American Communism would be complete without a recognition of the far-reaching influence of Roosevelt Radicalism upon the possibilities of the more extreme movements. Although the influence of actual Communism in the New Deal Administration is restricted to a few minor appointees in the alphabetic departments, the influence in Washington of milder Socialist ideas is unquestionably immense. The Pink coterie in the Administration has been an indirect aid to the Communists in numerous disputed situations. This has been particularly true in the case of Mr. Hopkins' Relief Administration, where such functionaries as Aubrey Williams, Jacob Baker, Hilda Smith, and Henry G. Alsberg have exhibited a ready willingness to give the breaks to various Communist-controlled organizations which have mushroomed up in the Relief field. For the first time in American history,

the Communists have staunch friends in the federal government.

But the most important effect of Rooseveltism upon Communist prospects is the vast acceleration which the President's leadership has given to the Leftward impulse in American life. His political exploitation of the issue of the Have-Nots against the Haves has quickened the class-consciousness upon which Communism thrives. The continuous Rooseveltian chatter about America's reaching the "end of an era" has encouraged the catastrophic attitude which underlies all Communist propaganda. His intermittent assaults on the profit motive weaken the morale of a once-united capitalism. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the advent of Franklin D. Roosevelt has hastened the arrival of the Communist crisis in America by almost a generation. Not in any sense a Communist himself, the thinly-disguised support which the Browderites gave him throughout the 1936 campaign testifies to their recognition of his priceless value as a forerunner.

To summarize these findings, it is obvious that the likelihood of a Communist crisis in America is today no longer the fantastic thing which it concededly would have been a few years ago. Although

the organized Communists are still numerically weak, they are no longer isolated. They have powerful and ardent friends in the strategic publicity agencies of the nation. They have broken down the barrier which once barred them from the American trade union movement, and they are, at last, in direct contact with the labor masses. They are aided immensely by the swift swing of American political thinking toward the once despised Left. Any observer who attempts to appraise their influence by a mere counting of Communist Party heads or tally of Browder votes misses the fact that the official Communist movement is merely the core of a vastly greater Left movement which is swayed, in every significant social situation, by the purposeful minority of party members. This amorphous Left movement must now be recognized as one of the major American political factors.

IV

It is a curious paradox that, while the curve of Left influence has thus been steadily rising, the curve of Left leadership has perversely fallen. It is probably true that the quality of leadership in the American revolutionary movement is

lower today than at any time since the first appearance of Marxism in America. The lush growth of American Radicalism since the Depression has been largely in spite of, rather than as a result of, the official Red leadership.

One has only to contrast the Communist gonfalon-bearers of today with the Debses, the Haywoods, the Goldmans, and the Hillquits of twenty years ago to realize the incredible deterioration in leadership. Radicalism a generation ago was astir with magnetic and colorful leaders. In social crises, such messiahs were capable of becoming flaming torches to ignite the masses. But it would be almost grotesque to think of the present trio of Communist leaders — Browder, Foster, and Amter — in any such role. Good journeymen Labor organizers at best, none of the three would have been seriously considered for any post higher than secondary rank during the Debs-Haywood period. Their leap to the top has been made possible only by the stultifying intervention of the Moscow Comintern in the politics of the American Left movement. They represent the triumph of bureaucracy over inspirational leadership.

The Russian influence has unquestionably been deadly to revo-

lutionary talent. Under Comintern control, obedience to Moscow has become the substitute for personal brilliance in party leaders. In an organization where advancement is controlled hierarchically by the Comintern and its American subsidiary — the tightly-controlled Central Committee — power eventually gravitates, not to the ablest agitator, but to the most successful office politician. Earl Browder is the inevitable flower of such a system. He has few gifts as an agitator, but as a party politician and wire-puller he has survived every rival. His success has been based upon an uncanny faculty for attaching himself, in the eternal intra-party squabbles, to the winning party faction, both in Russia and America. In Russia, he early established himself as a faithful Stalin rubber stamp. In America, he was for years the devoted alter ego of William Z. Foster, during the Foster hegemony. To the public surprise, when Foster's health failed, Browder slipped easily into the vacant leadership, with the approval of Moscow. He rules the party today by grace of a political machine of yes-men as well oiled as anything ever conceived by a Tammany boss.

His subordinates for the most part are men and women of little

more ability than himself. Foster, of course, is still technically of equal rank with Browder, but his inner revolutionary fires have burned themselves out and he survives largely as a symbol. The others may be dismissed with brief mention. Clarence A. Hathaway, editor of the *Daily Worker*, is a possible future Browder competitor, but despite a wide popularity among the party rank and file, his qualifications for leadership are even more limited than those of his rival. Jack Stachel, the most influential Browder lieutenant on the Central Committee, is a man of unfortunate presence whose talents are mostly those of the backstage and the committee. Robert Minor, whose Texas lineage and recognized eminence as an artist make him an excellent front for the predominant immigrant types in the party, is a brilliant cartoonist who has thrown away an art career to become a third-rate writer and a fifth-rate speaker. Israel Amter is a faithful organization wheelhorse who fits handily into various uninspired posts of party service. James W. Ford, who has shown occasional flashes of real leadership, is, of course, a Negro. The only spellbinder now in the Party who, incidentally, mastered her technique in the old Socialist Party, is

Mother Bloor; but she is now a septuagenarian.

Can such leaders organize and direct a successful American revolution? The obvious answer would seem to be that Communist success is doomed in America by the feebleness of such leadership. There are, however, several major reasons why no such categorical conclusion can be accepted. First of all, Browder's tight little Tammany party of 40,000, despite its Russian recognition, is only the political arm of the American Communist movement. Outside the party is a vastly greater army of Communist sympathizers who cooperate independently with the party. The number of these Leftists, who can be mobilized to Communist support on specific issues, may be comprehended when we recall that organizations with a total membership of 3,500,000 are said to have affiliated themselves with the American League Against War and Fascism, the principal Communist subsidiary. Through these marginal organizations the really effective work for Communism is now being done.

In these affiliated and sympathetic groups, it is reasonable to suppose, the future leaders of American revolution are being developed. Because they are not iso-

lated from the actual masses in a sectarian movement, as are Browder and his junta, they have a more realistic sense of the possibilities of mass action. Because they are shrewd enough to avoid the liability of the Communist label, they are able to reach audiences who would be repelled by the Russianism of the actual Communist Party. In a real social crisis, the initiative would quickly pass from Browder and his heelers to these non-party Leftists.

It has long been the theory of Norman Thomas and his Socialist group that the greatest obstacle to Communism in America has been the Communists themselves. Our survey of the American scene would seem to confirm this thesis. Certainly it has been a fortunate coincidence for America that, in the tensions of the Depression, we have had Browders and Hathaways at the Communist helm, rather than Lenins or Trotskys. But it is an appalling reflection that the security of American capitalism has perhaps swung upon the flimsy hazard of such a coincidence.

A second factor which should be weighed in the scales against the weakness of Communist leadership is the extraordinary ineptness of the capitalist leadership which

opposes it. The American Right is today almost as bankrupt in first-class polemic talent as the Left. Never in American history has business leadership touched a lower bottom of impotence and bewilderment. At its nadir, business actually abdicated the control of social forces to the politicians. When, in the 1936 Presidential campaign, it attempted to regain its lost mastery, business perpetrated such a series of imbecilic mistakes as to throw serious doubt upon its capacity ever to resume the ordered direction of American social events.

With capitalist leadership thus in eclipse, no such extraordinary ability is demanded of the Marxian leaders as would have been necessary in the hardboiled days of the Hannas, the Penroses, and the elder Morgan. Business itself is on the defensive, and it has little heart for a gruelling counter-attack upon the Radicals. Today, the natural inclination of the average executive, when confronted by the problem of a rising revolutionary movement, is to deny the problem rather than to face it. As Radicalism becomes more challenging, he seeks grounds for compromise rather than for battle. Against such an irresolute capital-

ist opposition, the task of the Red field marshal is not impossible. Contemporary Communism has caught the American capitalist system at its lowest pulse beat: it has only to replace its present stammerers with an effective high command to become a challenging threat to the existing order.

Still another factor which favors the Leftists is the zeal of their rank and file. It is an axiom of history that a semi-fanatical minority is always a mightier social force than an apathetic majority. In the present struggle, the idealism is all on the side of the Left. The Right in America is largely a mercenary army which serves capitalism, not through any deep conviction of its soundness, but for cold reasons of personal expediency. All the admitted mediocrity of the present Communist leaders does not efface the fact that they head an army which is driven by an inner semi-religious conviction. Under inspiring leadership, such armies have been known to accomplish political miracles. Let Communism develop such a leadership under the stress of social crisis, and its eventual triumph over the kind of Right opposition which now confronts it in America will not be an impossibility.

CROOKS IN THE LEGISLATURE

BY A STATE SENATOR

The name of the author of this article is withheld for obvious reasons. THE MERCURY publishes his story as a factual record, believing it typical of most State legislatures.

IS YOUR district representative in your State Legislature crooked? Does he accept money to vote for or against certain measures? And if so, has he a good chance of getting away with it?

As a State legislator myself, I must confess that the odds are about even on affirmative answers to the above questions. My belief is based on a good many years of experience as a member of a legislature in one of the larger States of the Union, and on careful observations in other States. While my samplings cannot be taken as scientifically accurate for all, I am certain they represent an average which will hold good for the entire nation.

Putting summary ahead of detail, I may say that ten per cent of legislators come perilously close to being racketeers; twenty-five per cent are primarily venal in their attitude toward such legislation as

is capable of being turned to advantage; another twenty-five per cent will accept money for their votes on bills which do not vitally affect the general public and in which they have no personal interest; another twenty-five per cent, who do not accept money, are moved often by personal and group relationships, including retainers, business arrangements, political advantage, patronage demands, etc.; and about fifteen per cent are, or think they are, above suspicion of judging legislation other than on its merits—although I never have met one who could take an utterly detached viewpoint even when unconscious of personal interest. Unadulterated altruism has yet to come within my purview.

Paradoxically, some of the crookedest legislators in my State are among the ablest in their consideration of measures. You'd have to know them to understand that.

And also you have to remember that most legislation does not involve the employment of money. There usually are not more than a dozen or so productive "money bills" in a regular session, and few of these are of major importance to the people. Most money bills involve legislation desired or opposed by special groups, who have sufficient means to swing votes. Some examples will illustrate.

When horse-racing interests desired a license law which would free them from exactions of local politicians and assure them permanence of business, they were willing to pay. Any member who wished, received \$1000 for his vote for the bill. Sponsors of dog-racing wanted to be licensed too, but they either declined to "come in" with their share or it was refused—I never knew which—and they were excluded. Some years later the dog men got a bill through on the promise of \$200 per vote (those were leaner years); but when the bill was vetoed the money was not paid. There is no pay-off until the bill is signed or killed, as the object may be.

My first contact with the System came in connection with a bill which was one of the rare instances when legislation is sought to promote an outright racket. The

bill, to require two operators in the booth of every film theater in the State, had been languishing in committee, the chairman refusing to "report it out". (I never learned whether he was being paid by the theater owners.) I was told that I could have \$1000 for making a motion to put the bill on the calendar. I refused, and another member consented, but the motion lost. It had been established that the head of the operators' union would net more than \$300,000 a year for issuing, at \$10 per week per man, "permit cards" to the new operators required. This worthy racketeer later died in his flashy limousine in the middle of a crowded metropolitan boulevard, a victim of too much hot lead. The bill never appeared again.

Another case illustrates three different phases of the System, namely the clash of conflicting groups, the "walk-out", and the "cut". The State dental society, wishing to squelch "unethical" advertising dentists, had a bill offered to restrict drastically all dental advertising. It slumbered so long the sponsors became suspicious. Finally they forced a roll call. By this time the "arrangements" had been made and the bill was to get "silent treatment". A speech for the bill gave the members time to walk

out without seeming to stampede, and when the roll call started nearly half were gone. Then two members announced they had been approached with offers of money to walk out or sit still. Panicked, all the sitting members scrambled to support the bill and it barely passed. Of course the deal was spoiled. Reports circulated that \$20,000 had been provided by the advertisers, and that a middleman and two or three members were to divide most of it, those walking or sitting being put down for a few hundred dollars apiece. The reports were verified a couple of years later when the middleman told me "that speech you made cost me \$4000".

It is not unusual for the inside and outside manipulators of deals to take half the available fund and divide the rest among as few others as are needed to accomplish the desired result. And in certain rare cases, the handlers have decamped with the whole pot. Such lack of scruple is short-sighted, however, as these men never again are trusted with deals of any size.

The veteran never double-crosses. Occasional instances have been known when those on the outside have failed to deliver and the inside man, committed to his friends, has dug in his own pockets to pay. And once I knew the out-

siders to pay twice after the insider had betrayed them, although that is not a rule of the game.

II

There usually are one or more middlemen or contact men in the vicinity of each State Assembly who make arrangements between members and the outside groups willing to pay. As a rule, they take about one-fourth of the fund, and the top inside man may receive an equal amount. If this seems to be a high overhead, it should be remembered that legislators, even the most brazen, hesitate to approach outsiders, and the outsiders, besides being equally timorous, do not know their way around. Hence, the practitioners of a delicate diplomatic art are worthy of their hire.

There are certain groups of outsiders considered fair prey, and every session witnesses bills offered to "bring them in". Often these threats are effective year after year. Of course, it is never intended that these bills should pass, for that would spoil the game, but the affected interests are never certain. These outside groups include industrial and business interests, the public utilities, insurance companies, chain stores, and other organizations somewhat in public dis-

favor or enjoying special privileges in the form of taxation. The chain stores, bitterly hated by independent merchants, who form a formidable lobby, have been milked for years in many States by threats of special taxes. So have the loan companies, which charge an interest rate that on its face seems outrageous, although it is not in actuality.

Bills to curb these latter institutions are usually offered in good faith by zealous legislators who either disapprove them or are under pressure from their districts. The "sharks" know this, and they never offer any punitive bills but wait for them to appear with honorable authorship — the more honorable the better.

The manufacturers' associations, powerful in the industrial States, might be considered gullible, but they are not. They rely for defense on influential connections in most districts. Besides, they know that if they let down the bars, there will be no end to exactions.

The liquor interests in many States have taken the same position. After Repeal, they re-established their businesses without the payment of money, so far as I can learn. Not, however, that they were not besought. But profiting from the costly experience of pre-Prohibi-

tion days, they stood their ground. Also they took advantage of the fact that we legislators were all committed by the mandate of 1932 to legalize liquor sales.

While we were considering new liquor laws in 1933, I went with another member to visit one of the nation's largest brewers, to ascertain if his firm was willing to "help" us eliminate certain proposed strictures on beverages. "We've made up our minds not to start that thing again," he replied. "If we pay now, it will cost us twice as much next time. We'll help any of you in your next campaign if you need it, but that is all."

Then he related that twenty years earlier, a bill had been offered in his State for an inspection tax of a cent a gallon on all beer sold. The brewers paid, and at the next session of the legislature a bill called for two cents a gallon.

The hardier of our "shakers", however, have not despaired of getting something out of the liquor interests. Last year they maneuvered the brewers into a meeting at the State Capitol "to discuss pending legislation", although there was none. One brewer who sensed the situation asked me to help him warn the rest, and I did so. When the "wrecking crew" came, requesting \$20,000, a brewer's spokes-

man promised that the matter would be considered, but it never was. "We used everything but pick axes and couldn't pry loose a dime," the crew leader, unaware of my part in the debacle, told me later. But they'll be back next session, probably armed with a blackjack.

It is often difficult to tell when a bill with shakedown possibilities is offered in good faith, though some of us know by the introducer. For several sessions, a bill for a tax on imported natural gas got results. Later it was offered, over the protest of the earlier author, with a tax rate one-third as high, and its relative fairness made its passage imminent. It brought handsomer returns than ever. The good-faith author, after seeing his pet killed, was surprised to be told that he was "in on the cut" if he wished.

Sometimes there is money on both sides of a bill, if one selfish group is fighting another. The professionals will go where the promise is largest. Once, when local brewers were not willing to pay for a bill aimed at brewers in another State, the crew collected from the aliens and permitted the bill to die. Another time, they refused to report out a bill to reduce the tax on wines because there was no payment in sight and they thought there should have been one.

Oddly enough, it is seldom necessary to buy a great many votes. Usually there are a number of members who feel obliged for valid reasons to support, or oppose, a bill, and they can be counted on without pay. (In my first session I fought a certain bill vigorously and felt a glow of pride when it was killed, until I learned that certain members had cashed in on my efforts.) Sometimes it is sufficient to buy only the innately venal group; although occasionally it is necessary to invade the ranks of the sincere supporters, or opponents, of the measure, which is a delicate business. Of course, there are certain regulars who expect to be, and frequently are, taken care of on everything, even when they are not needed. For this they tacitly vouch their availability on any future occasion.

The professionals seldom introduce bills. One of them boasted to me that he never had offered one — and never would. They prefer not to be openly associated with shakedowns, and they do not care to sponsor good legislation, for that would entail seeking votes from other members which would put them under log-rolling obligations. Thus, they are lone-handed pirates, willing to sail under any man's flag for a share in the booty. Yet it

is ironic that if you looked over the roll call records of the freebooters, you would not be able to identify them. They vote for a great many good bills and by no means for all the bad ones.

Unless they come up from the ranks of corrupt politics at home, first-termers do not often share in deals. They are not needed vitally — and they are not well enough known to be trusted. In their first session they are sounded out and tabbed, and, if available, will be called on when needed.

The attitude of some persons toward lobbyists is naïve. When liquor legislation in our State was pending, the chief executive became angered at some interests opposing his plans and ordered removal of some seats along the side of the senate chamber, so that the corrupters could not corrupt us by ogling. But everyone knows that improper approaches and contacts are not made in the legislative chambers. The presence of fixers is only embarrassing. As a matter of fact, the pay-off usually does not come until after the session closes, and then it is done so guardedly that disclosure is rare. Only once have I known of a slip, when a novice country member received his cash in one city and bought a draft to mail to his own home — and I

never knew how the press found out about it. The news precipitated a great scandal, later involving the seat of a United States senator.

The relative venality of members, like their other characteristics, is well recognized among us. The antics of the racketeers are amusing and sometimes provoke open laughter. But the stalwarts suffer merited contumely with a nobility sustained by the itch for the cash they will collect. But at that, the illicit perquisites are not large. Except a few top men, the most industrious collector does well to get away with \$2000 or \$3000 a session. Many another more honorable member, able and willing to serve special interests, realizes richer rewards through legal fees or other business back home.

III

By now, you doubtless wonder to what degree the use of money and the presence of a venal group in an Assembly affect major legislation of interest to the whole nation. Not a great deal. As I have said, most such legislation has no profit possibilities and it gets fair consideration from those most greedy on other occasions. Removed from temptation, the legislative Mr. Hyde promptly rises to the level

of the Dr. Jekylls and marches proudly and blatantly with them.

In the day-to-day and session-to-session consideration of legislation, a vastly greater force is exerted by those men who are actuated by the secondary chain of influences already mentioned, namely business, and social and political relations. Your money-grabber, of little integrity and bad repute, is rarely a determining factor in the fate of general legislation. But members subject to the less frankly sordid influences acquire a continuing character and force. Primarily they are strong men, who give a lot of valuable time at pittance pay to look after group interests or to shape the policies of state along lines reflecting well-defined convictions of what government ought to be. Rarely are they either thwarted by the pirates or diverted by the lure of the jackpot.

So, it seems to me, the legislative buccaneer is not a grave problem. Certainly he is not the most baneful factor in politics. He is merely the cockroach in the political kitchen-sink who repels us, but seldom imperils our health. Others

apparently more honorable might be adjudged even less altruistic, if altruism is a proper norm.

Can anything be done to eliminate the crooks and to raise the general tone of State legislatures? I doubt it. We rate as high in intelligence, devotion to the public good, sense of honor, and consideration of the job at hand as men in any other profession, and perhaps higher than those in business. It has to be so, for we come from the ranks of the business and professional citizenry. Moreover, to be elected we have to pass the scrutiny of the voters, some of whom are able to penetrate the ballyhoo which goes with campaigns.

About all that you, as a voter, can do is to appraise your representative on the basis of his whole performance as it affects the welfare of your district and State. Perhaps you will learn that even if he is inclined to look upon the jackpot when it is flush, he may be worth more to you than a man of higher integrity who is ignorant or intolerant or too class-conscious. Some eminently honest men are all three.



WANTED: A NATIONAL LOTTERY

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

ACCORDING to authoritative estimates, more than \$6,000,000,000 a year is invested by Americans, infidel and devout, in illegal lotteries of one form or another. And as most citizens refuse to believe that the private gaming urge is a proper concern of the constabulary, the legal attempt to control the individual in the disposition of pin-money has been no more successful than the late glorious endeavor to regulate the liquid receipts of his gullet. Indeed, for hypocritical contrast between the laws and the facts, the Volstead Act is an exact parallel. To promote the same discredited theory that souls may be saved by legislative action, a universal human activity that could be made to yield huge sums by taxation is driven underground, for the exclusive benefit of foreign promoters and domestic swindlers.

Contrary to the general impression, the supposed immorality of sweepstakes is a sanctimonious concept of comparatively recent origin, recognized only in Anglo-Puritan nations. Whenever the ancient

Israelites were about to make an important decision, and no direct advice was forthcoming from Jehovah, they submitted the question to Urim and Thummim, *i.e.*, a few flings of a special pair of dice ceremoniously brought out by a high priest. Consequently, no prophetic guidance is to be found in the Ten Commandments about the relation of gambling to salvation. Although the New Testament contains a few invectives against money-changers, the disciple Matthew was chosen by lot; and when the medieval doctors compiled the Seven Deadly Sins, they omitted all reference to the risking of nickels to gain dollars. So that ever since the first modern lottery at Bruges in 1446, most Christian nations have recognized the sale of chances for cash prizes as a harmless and easy system of voluntary taxation.

In our own early history, the business was considered so far beyond religious concern that Jefferson disposed of some acres by raffle, and George Washington purchased the first ticket in a lottery

authorized by the Continental Congress to defray the expenses of the Revolutionary War. Moreover, Faneuil Hall was rebuilt after a fire through the proceeds of a patriotic lottery; Columbia University owes its inception to a sweepstake; and Harvard raised needed funds by similar means. Indeed, to build or repair a house of worship by selling numbers was considered an outstanding form of righteous endeavor. State drawings for numerous public purposes were conducted for many decades in every part of the Union.

Then came the great wave of decency and bigotry, during which the *stigma diaboli* was impressed on all forms of pleasure. An Eleventh Commandment was promulgated to insure universal sobriety, and an Eighth Deadly Sin was found to dwell in every penny-ante wager. In characteristic American response to the New Revelation, thirty-nine States banished lotteries by constitutional provision, and the other nine followed suit by statutory declaration; while the federal government proceeded to save the mail boxes from satanic contamination by denying the postal privilege to sweepstakes tickets. The result is still with us in the form of a holy network of self-contradictory legal enactments, all

designed to save the citizenry from mercenary temptation.

According to the current legal definition, a contest becomes a lottery only when it involves three elements: (1) a consideration paid for participation; (2) a prize in money or other property; and (3) the winner must be determined by lot or chance. Under the casuistries of Idaho, however, the law does not apply to raffles of homesteads under the Carey Act "or other government land drawings". New Mexico has a saving clause in favor of "any fair held in this State for the benefit of any church or religious society": evidently, satanically acquired money assumes an aroma of holiness as soon as it is consecrated to the Lord. Exceptions in favor of pari-mutuel betting on horse races are now recognized in thirteen States where, to be sure, the business involves some downright un-Christian gambling; but such wagering is not a lottery, because the outcome depends on the "skill" of the steed and his jockey, and the purchase of a ticket is the result of critical judgment. In Nevada, every form of gambling is legal, including roulette, poker, blackjack, slot machines, and wheels of fortune: yet lotteries are still prohibited by constitutional provision.

Even in States where the strict

legal definition is in force, countless lotteries frequently qualify as harmless "gift enterprises" by evading one phase or another of the three-cornered requirement. A well-known example is to be seen in the "bank nites" now conducted by 5000 American movie houses. According to some judicial rulings, such schemes fall squarely within the statutory prohibition: but other jurists maintain that the element of "consideration" is missing because the customer pays only for the entertainment. Perhaps all God-fearing movie fans were attracted entirely by Mickey Mouse, rather than the \$6,000,000 which was distributed last year, in individual prizes running as high as \$2700. But if so, the name of the infidels is legion: largely because of these drawings, the theaters of the Republic collected \$250,000,000 more in 1936 than in the previous year.

Another instance is the "contest" being conducted at this writing by the manufacturer of a popular cigarette, for the final distribution of \$100,000 as a first prize and a like sum in smaller rewards. Instead of sending three cigarette wrappers, the contestant may substitute the same number of "reasonably accurate hand-drawn facsimiles". Of course, nobody will take

the trouble to reproduce with a pencil something that can be had for fifteen cents. On the day after the contest opened, several tobacco stores in my home town had exhausted their stock of the commodity in question, presumably to contestants. But the legal requirements were none the less met by the fact that the investment of money was not necessary to participation. The plan also escapes the third legal ingredient of a lottery, on the theory that the prizes are not given by lot, but according to the most "skillful" solutions of a series of cartoons of historical personages. No ordinary citizen is likely to score very highly, for instance, unless his calm cerebrations enable him to detect that the picture of a hen, a rake, and an egg (hen-rake-lay) calls for Henry Clay, and not Patrick Henry.

Such money-raising methods are openly used in every part of the Republic. Under the rules of a subscription drive currently being operated by a San Francisco newspaper, a \$6000 prize goes to the wizard who can solve such riddles as naming John Boles from a drawing of a "J" and two bowls. To be sure, most judges would uphold these devices as harmless forms of advertising. Yet such is the moral and legal confusion between a

"prize contest" and a lottery that identical schemes are invariably suppressed when the customer pays cash for his ticket. In the Selection Sweepstakes recently conducted for humanitarian purposes by a New York corporation, the awards likewise depended on the clever arrangement of numbers 1 to 16, each representing the name of a charitable society. The fairness of the drawings was insured by Mrs. Oliver Harriman, a social worker of unquestionable reputation. Nevertheless, the business was excluded from the mails because it failed to qualify sufficiently as a game of skill. The learned lawgivers are evidently unable to decide under what conditions a legal joker makes a noise like a wild deuce.

But leaving all this legal hair-splitting to specially trained officials, the lay population continues to satisfy its gaming instinct in equal disregard of the law and the prophets. When 992 counterfoils were drawn by the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes in October, 1936, it was found that 465 of the lucky tickets were held by highly respectable Americans. In May of the same year, forty-four per cent of the winnings came to residents of the United States. The plausible estimate of the New York *Times* is that the total American investment

in the same lottery in 1935 was \$5,000,000, of which only \$3,000,000 came back in prizes. And this is only one of the many concerns that Americans help to finance. Until 1932, a high-powered radio station in Mexico was broadcasting several daily sales-talks about a Mexican lottery, for the special benefit of customers across the border. Every other foreign sweepstake maintains secret offices in all sections of the Republic. Indeed, about two years ago, Representative Edward A. Kenney of New Jersey introduced in evidence before the Ways and Means sub-Committee of the House of Representatives, a great parchment eight feet long by two feet wide, upon which were mounted various samples of lottery tickets available in the American market. According to a recent statement of Horace J. Donnelly, Assistant Solicitor of the Post Office Department: "A check was made in 1932, based upon the number of lottery tickets confiscated under the postal and customs laws, and it developed that probably \$500,000,000 yearly was *prevented from going* to these foreign countries." Nobody knows, of course, the ratio that this staggering figure bears to the amount of money that reaches its destination.

Added to the army of fiscal

agents for foreign lotteries are innumerable promoters of equally illegal domestic enterprises. Thus in the past two or three years countless tickets have been sold to an International Federation Xth Olympiad Sweepstakes, a Golden Gate Bridge Lottery, and hundreds of other skin games of the chain-letter variety. But these are small-time organizations compared to policy-slip or numbers, a system originating among the Negroes of Harlem and later introduced in most Eastern cities by Gangster Dutch Schultz and his illustrious successors. By frequently disposing of competitors in the usual machine-gun manner, the syndicate now in charge manages to collect about \$300,000,000 annually. A few "policy kings" were arrested in 1935 as income tax evaders, and it was found that they had pocketed net returns of more than \$1,000,000 each. Additional millions are annually extracted by dealers in counterfeit tickets to bona fide foreign sweepstakes; while other entrepreneurs dispose of great cargoes of worthless chances to fictitious domestic schemes. The Postmaster General's report for 1935 mentions the arrest of ten dealers in sweepstakes "who sold more than \$26,000,000 worth of such tickets, all of which were spurious". An equally

prosperous group of twenty-eight similar merchants was brought to trial in 1936.

II

So it appears that whether the chosen field be bank-nite, picture-puzzle, policy, Irish Hospitals, or keno, everybody plays, and shames the statutes. And if practicing Christians scream in horror at the suggestion that lotteries be legalized, they usually do so during breathing spells between one church raffle and the next. Yet if the learned legislators and their ecclesiastical prompters could be induced to emerge from the fog of hypocrisy and technicality that envelops the subject, the greater part of this immense sum could be diverted into the public treasury. When it is remembered that France, with a population of only 42,000,000, manages to collect \$480,000,000 a year from its official lottery, it is not difficult to agree that a similarly managed American sweepstake would yield the national government at least one billion dollars annually. The importance of such a contribution toward balancing the budget will be realized by bearing in mind that it equals two-thirds of the annual returns from all federal income taxes.

In a bill recently introduced in Congress by Representative Kenney, special provision is made for the management of a proposed lottery, through the existing facilities of the Post Office Department. If such a system were adopted, the annual operating expenses would probably not exceed \$200,000,000. So that, even if it were determined to distribute \$1,000,000,000 in prizes, the gross sum to be raised by the sale of \$2 tickets, and \$1 half-tickets, need not be greater than \$2,200,000,000 a year, which is only one-third of the figure now being spent illegally.

The amount of the grand prize would depend on whether it is better to produce a few more millionaires, or to increase the winning possibilities of each ticket by offering a greater number of smaller but substantial awards. Such details could easily be varied to fit the popular response to each drawing. Judging, however, from the system used in most European countries, an American sweepstake distributing \$1,000,000,000 a year would probably make 50 quarterly awards of \$300,000, and 500 others of \$75,000, with 1000 more tickets winning modest fortunes of \$50,000, and 5000 contestants receiving \$20,000 each. The remaining \$47,500,000 would be divided among 25,000

investors in a series of smaller prizes ranging from \$10,000 to \$500. Some of the larger awards could be given in the form of annuities or other interest-bearing investments created by the Lottery Administration. Each windfall would be exempt from federal income tax levies.

It is certain that a national sweepstake, managed as an official monopoly, would not be subject to any of the objections that were properly advanced against the famous Louisiana Lottery; for it is well known that this scheme was conducted by a private corporation, with no other State control than a small tax on earnings. A government lottery would be subject to strict auditing, no less than any other administrative agency. Besides insuring a low cost of operation, and thereby making more money available for prizes, the plan would guarantee the absolute genuineness of each ticket. It has been suggested that such a use of the mails would be in conflict with the constitutional or statutory provisions of the various States. But it should be plain that no local authority could legally impede the postal activities of the United States, nor interfere with the legitimate collection of national revenue. Moreover, despite the eloquence of

State laws against lotteries, none of them clearly prohibits such enterprises as State or national monopolies.

To be sure, it is also argued by holy men that participation in a lottery is immoral, since the prize-winner gets something for practically nothing. But the same unearned increment exists in every legal transaction in bonds or acres, and particularly in the insurance money received by vestrymen when the church burns. It is further insisted, on the strength of a judicial decision, that the sale of lottery tickets "cultivates a gambling spirit and tends to a hatred of honest labor". It is doubtful, however, whether any sane person would quit his regular employment simply because a legally acquired slip of paper gives him one chance in about 20,000 of winning a fortune. If the proceeds of a national sweepstake were earmarked for old-age relief or some other humanitarian purpose, the average citizen would gladly contribute his quota; and if Dame Luck failed to favor him, he would be satisfied with the excitement derived from the imaginative possibilities of sudden riches. Despite the alleged certainties of post-mortem salvation, most people know that this terrestrial life, at its legitimate best, is a

rapid succession of risks and chances.

If there were any connection between raffles and personal thrift, this virtue would be the exclusive monopoly of England, Japan, and America, the only major powers whose inhabitants buy lottery tickets abroad, but the truth is that sweepstakes are legal in more than thirty respectable nations, including Italy, France, Spain, Germany, and several South American republics. China is largely financed by a yearly drawing whose grand prize is \$500,000; Sweden's cash gains from the same source are devoted to cultural advancement; while Turkey uses the proceeds to buy airplanes. Yet in none of these nations has there been any deterioration in the moral sense of the citizenry.

In brief, the anti-lottery argument is based on the hypocritical assumption that things legally prohibited cease to exist, and that the proper exercise of Christian fortitude compels us to gag at a trading stamp and swallow a bookmaker. The simple question is: Shall an irrepressible human impulse be exploited for the sole benefit of foreign and local racketeers, or shall it be legally protected, as a harmless source of pleasure, for the incidental benefit of the public treasury?

AMERICA'S WET-NURSE BUREAUCRACY

BY EUGENE PHARO

AS AN average adult American, I don't want to be educated, entertained, supported, and improved; I don't want to be told the kind of furnace to use in my cellar, how to raise my children, what hours I am to work, and whether I may risk my neck in Spain; and I do not wish to be directed as to what I should not read, hear, see, drink, and eat: I desire none of these things—from the *Federal Government*. Nor do I think I am peculiar in my resentment of the inexcusable and oleaginous determination of our federal bureaucrats to subject me to exactly these interdictions, and ten thousand besides; for all Americans have been taught to love what their forebears came to this land to obtain—the right to be let alone. And if, to some supernal federal psychologist, this revolt against the governmental providence swallowing up my independence of heart and brain and soul, seems to be a temper tantrum, I am convinced that a poll of any thousand Americans would uncover enough such “temper tan-

trum” to give the authentic feel of the American Revolution.

Before specifying the bureaucratic benefactions against which I rebel, let me explain that my protest is not a partisan one. I am not writing of Democrats or Republicans as such, and I am not declaiming against Roosevelt II more than against Hoover, Coolidge, Harding, or Wilson—although the interdictions to resent have become more obvious under the reigning Roosevelt than under any of the others. This thing—this unbearable omnipresence of the government and its prying concern for what it poetically calls my “Welfare”—can't be pinned to any one man or any one political party. Would to God that it could; the remedy would then be simple. But the disease is much more pervasive than that, and has got itself so entrenched that it is difficult to think of any way, even blood-letting, by which it can be extirpated. Yet surely, if any cure is ever to take place, it behooves those of us who are suffering to howl

loudly enough to let the world know that we are aware we are sick, and what the symptoms are. For whatever else may be said about the current devolution in the United States, none can deny that it portends the extinction of the individual — although apparently he is to be loved to death, instead of being physically massacred.

My report on the matter is that of an ordinary citizen; I am seeking to get the facts on record purely in order to serve my own self-respect. I own no business; I employ no workers; I have never held, and never will hold, any political office; nor do I have ties, even the most remote, with any foreign country. And I believe the American plan is the best extant — when it is adhered to. I might go on to state in more detail exactly what sort of person I am, but this happens to be unnecessary, for so completely maternalistic is the government under which I live that it has seen to all that. My physical blemishes, immediate parentage, birth, salary, public service, employments, family, religion, color, age, height, weight, and the whorls on my fingertips are on file at the War Department, the Census Bureau, the Treasury Department, and the Social Security Board. It is not unlikely that there is, too, a

psychograph of me in the War Department, the Department of Justice, or the Post Office Department, for I have gone on record in the press under Coolidge and under Hoover in forthright criticism of the outrageous assumptions of the bureaucracy, doing my best even then to protest the governmental condemnation of our mass-stupidity, inefficiency, and dishonesty under which we have been compelled to live since the war, so that the Washington Do-Gooders might rationalize their peculiar manifestations of power.

It was, of course, the First World War (then called The War to End Wars) that began, by means of the national draft act and the other instruments of that "Emergency", to awaken the thoughtful members of my generation to the character of the governmental power brooding over us, and its ability to spank us if we were bold enough to express our individual views on public matters without regard to governmental necessities. For the most obvious trend of the American governmental machine since the war has been the disingenuous evangelism around which a power over our lives similar to that of wartime has been evolved, with the substitution of the shibboleths Education, Service, and Welfare,

for the earlier ones of Democracy, Goodwill, and Peace. But in neither war nor peace, since 1917, has the traditional American philosophy of individual human dignity been paid the slightest attention. On the contrary, there has been exhibited a sickly conviction of our essential incompetence while the spirit of Hull House, instead of that of Monticello, has brooded over the Capitol; and when not that of Hull House, that of the counting house, and lately that of the assembly line and coal mine; for the Bureaucracy inevitably shifts in accordance with the variable winds of social change, and does not hesitate to add to the number of the beneficiaries whom it invites into its parlor, in order to be able most thoroughly to dragoon such simple men as myself. The one unchanging feature of bureaucratic dominance is the principle which Mr. Albert Jay Nock¹ has made so abundantly manifest: the constant grasping of more power by the State, at the cost of less strength among the rest of us. The corresponding diminution of the importance and personal dignity of the individual, which is my plaint, is a natural consequence.

¹ *Our Enemy the State*, by Albert Jay Nock. \$2.25. Morrow: New York.

To trace the origin of this trend, it is necessary to probe the depths of the Puritan evangelical tradition. This spirit justified the importation of black slaves so that they might be initiated into the mysteries of the Christian religion, then made possible a Civil War ostensibly over the fate of the same blacks, and finally plunged us into the moral grandeur of national Prohibition. The same strain, in each generation, rears a large class of busybodies and Citizen Fixits devoted to a life of Social Service. And out of it is born the existing bureaucracy; for from nothing else could have come its Heaven-sent persistence in sticking its prehensile snout into all our affairs, and its basic creed of doing us good, even if it kills us.

The instruments through which the Messianic "public servants" accomplished their purposes in 1917 and 1918, included the War Industries Board, the War Trade Board, the Espionage Act, the Selective Service Act (named with that euphemism without which we could not live), the Food Administration, the Fuel Administration, the Committee on Public Information, and several more. Regimentation of the public for the purposes of the war was not distinctively American, of course; but the dis-

covery by formerly half-way decent American administrators that the citizens *could* be so herded was, and continues to be, of critical importance to all of us. It was this discovery which revealed the procedure for influencing our daily habits that has not been abandoned since, and of which — except in connection with Prohibition — most of us until recently have been almost unaware, so subtly has it been brought about.

Since 1932, of course, the regimentation has been continued on obvious lines, and has adopted a special technique for bringing both labor and the idle into the federal fold through the CCC, WPA, PWA, NLRB, the Labor Department, the Presidency, and the apparently semi-federal CIO. The temporarily-aborted AAA and NRA were simple exaggerations of farm and business "Service" that, in the case of business at any rate, had been very dear to the hearts of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Likewise the social welfare aura that envelops all current business and labor maneuvering, with its tangled skein of Fascist and Communist impulses, is merely a continuation of specialized bureaucratic techniques developed over at least a quarter of a century in the Federal Children's

Bureau, the Women's Bureau, the Office of Education, the Board of Vocational Education, the Public Health Service, and other agencies that present a record of snooping and ineffable personal guidance whose pattern adds its peculiar aroma to the super-society of some millions of federal succubi that are despoiling us of our ancient virtue.

II

Until 1930, when Herbert Hoover made the first obvious efforts to influence major peace-time trends from Washington, most of those persons in comfortable circumstances, as I have suggested, paid no more attention to the government than they were forced to. Few realized, before Dr. Roosevelt rubbed their noses in it, that the small shopkeeper, the farmer, the small industrialist, and the wives of great hordes of the people — not to mention the children — had been welded to the apron strings of government in a host of ways, all under the effulgent banner of Service and Education. But by this time the governmental assumption that the ordinary citizen was too stupid to conduct his life intelligently, (and if associated with Big Business, too crooked to conduct it at all), had been augmented by a

second. This was that, since the power of our government lay theoretically in the people, it was the duty of the bureaucracy which they supported to lead them out of the general ignorance in which they weltered; and to do it in such a way that, having emerged from their slime, the voters would recognize the bureaucracy as their savior, and adore it forever. The guiding wisdom upon which the personnel of the government was to rely in carrying out this assignment would presumably descend from the skies on Election Day, just as, apparently, its monetary resources now are expected to materialize.

That this philosophy was successful to an incredible degree is witnessed by the assumptions which today are accepted as commonplace, but which few persons would have had the temerity to put into plain words even ten years ago. For example, that the government owes everyone a living; that it exists for the purpose of aiding us to realize our ambitions, no matter what they may be; that whatever it does is for the best; and that all the conditions of our lives are, and of right ought to be, determined by its day-to-day policies. This habit, so astutely encouraged by the bureaucracy, of running to

the government for rescue from any difficulty, whether it be impending bankruptcy, pernicious anemia, labor trouble, sexual impotency, low wages, long hours, marital disillusion, or even too-heavy taxes (fancy little Red Riding Hood turning to the Wolf for protection from her Grandmother!), has been and continues to be perhaps the one sufficient ground for the government's looking upon us with the contempt with which it so patently does.

The War Administration was also the beginning of this phase of governmental soul-saving. That conflict brought to the Nice Nellies who watched over the spiritual welfare of the "Boys" a revelation of the quick results that could be achieved by operation on a national plan, backed by authority. That these results were illusory had no effect, of course, on their ambition. There wasn't a visiting nurse, a Big Brother, a Y.M.C.A. secretary, or a pedagogue, who could any longer be satisfied with the slow and imperfect results to be obtained by local, individual endeavor on a voluntary basis. What they saw was an army of four million young men, or another army of several hundred thousand drunkards (*vide*, the XVIIIth Amendment), or one of

several million child workers, all of whom could be reached at once by legislative or executive pronouncements issued from Washington, and backed with penalties or supported with cash. And in the world of business, of labor organization, of education, women's rights, health, literature, and the arts, there were enough individuals who had the same vision to embolden the bureaucrats at Washington, after 1919, to edge their way toward the vastly-augmented power opened to their avid gaze. Today they no longer edge, but rush in by leaps and bounds.

By 1932, when the Great Humanitarian (later the Great Engineer) who had been first Relief dictator to the Belgians, and then food dictator to the Americans, had been made Secretary of Commerce, the ground was well prepared for the planting of today's luxuriant harvest. In that period, with the country generally prosperous and the sources of tax revenues virtually unlimited, there began such a campaign of Service to every defenseless American as has had no parallel in history. There was scarcely a bureaucrat, either in the Commerce Department or in any of the nine other departments, who did not set himself to evolve ways in which he

could "Serve" somebody, and thus build up his own importance and the total appropriation demanded of Congress. In the Department of Agriculture, in the Department of Commerce, in the Bureau of Education, among the various boards and commissions, in the Department of the Interior, and elsewhere, officials who came into contact with business or professional men emphasized the facilities for research that were in their possession, and of which—if he went through the appropriate motions—the citizen could take advantage at little or no cost. The appropriate motions consisted of mobilizing demands of the sort that had been used for years by industrial lobbyists who were seeking to defend their clients *against* Congress. In this instance, however, the dodge was to go on record concerning the impending failure that the specific industry confronted, because of lack of knowledge that the government could supply. Private citizens were persuaded to come to Washington to testify about these grave matters before congressional committees, and skilled departmental lobbyists did their subtle best to see that all these gestures had a maximum legislative effect. In most cases the budget for the department was increased

by more than enough to provide for the new service — which might be monthly reports of the inventory stock of rubber footwear, calculation of the annual sales of mayonnaise in the Mississippi Valley, research into the proper method of storing chocolate creams, tests to determine the comparative wearing qualities of rubber heels, regular reporting of hide stocks available in slaughter houses, investigation of the buying habits of drug wholesalers in St. Louis, or uncovering the market for fertilizer in Hindustan — none of which examples is fanciful, but all of which are based on the endless projects actually carried out.

The total saving to the citizen through the Services mentioned was the cash he had formerly had to pay to private research organizations. But the real cost to the same citizen, or his descendants, will never be known exactly. He began to pay it under NRA, and has continued to pay it ever since in one form or another. The cost may perhaps be roughly estimated when Labor has been completely taken into the federal camp, and there is no agency of any kind left to deal with, except the government. My own estimate is that this cost will total the entire integrity of every American citizen.

III

At the same time that these research services were being performed for private groups, federal seers were out on the road, delivering addresses in which they told citizens how to run their businesses. Nor had the professional sections of the public been neglected: representatives of these had come to Washington in response to even more exalted lures; and had been bedazzled by more opulent dreams than were needed to fascinate industrialists. One of these dreams will have been realized when, and if, a new thirty-million-dollar building to house a Department of Social Welfare is erected at Washington. Another will become real if ever there is a Secretary of Education added to the Cabinet. There isn't at present much barrier to the realization of either dream.

Each year a few thousand more citizens have heard about the vast fund of information on The Good Life that is dispensed by the Bureau of Home Economics in the Department of Agriculture, by the U. S. Public Health Service, by the Office of Education, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and by a score of other such agencies. At present this is being re-

leased through a thousand channels in vast streams of unctuous advice, so that it is virtually impossible to escape all of it; and classes have been organized among adult "home-makers", parents, retail store proprietors, clerks, delivery men, laborers, and high school janitors, in which the mysteries of life are explained by federal employees. Most of the textual material is based on an astounding amount of snooping that has been done over the past two decades, taking federal investigators not only into factories and stores, but into the parlors, baths, bedrooms, kitchens, and cellars of private homes whose occupants in most cases have not known just how to resist the blandishments of their Great Lover — Uncle Sam — in spite of his bearing nothing more romantic than questionnaires. The resulting information embraces everything from parturition to the hanging of bathroom curtains. The arrangement of the kitchen, the planning of menus, the buying of underwear, the hygienic details of the day's duties and the night's slumbers, the activity best-suited for leisure time — all these are specified in some government publication, or are at the tip of some federal lecturer's tongue. Any attempt to embellish the cold facts

through burlesque would fall flat; for hardly anything can be suggested that has not been looked into. Once, in the "Twenties, I thought to make merry by referring to "Auntie Sammie" in connection with the hybrid paternalism of the bureaucracy; but before the manuscript was in print, a bureau of the Department of Agriculture was broadcasting over the radio, "Auntie Sammie's Recipes".

In those days, too, I hazarded the guess that eventually the government would include among its maternal duties that of tucking us into bed for the night. The intention (it is now necessary to say) was purely satirical; but today, with wage and hour legislation being advocated on the ground of its importance to public morality, and with Uncle Sam undertaking to wean the next generation in CCC camps and through a National Youth Administration at the same time that he carries out a "leisure time" program among parents, I begin to wonder.

Certainly, unless there is stirred up among the citizenry full awareness of "Services" that are different from this only in degree, we are doomed to political serfdom. When the President of the United States announces blandly, and without being defied by anyone,

as he did at his Second Inaugural on January 20, that "we are determined to make every American citizen the subject of his country's interest and concern", it becomes pretty plain that he means something different by "American citizen" than did those who originally gave the phrase significance. And our complacency before the assertion illustrates unmistakably the inroads made on our independence by the bureaucracy that preceded Dr. Roosevelt and that is designed to follow him. It is true that the old-fashioned American was accustomed to discount all public utterances of his political hired men; but the old-fashioned American was confronted with no such complex device for supervision of his private life as now exists in Washington.

With the bureaucracy's growth now having reached the wildfire stage, with ramifications that no one can describe in detail, two alternatives for the future can be apprehended. The first, and apparently the most probable one, is that we must look forward to living by taking in one another's washing; that is, by taking some job under the State in order to survive. The other is, however, the only one that appeals to the traditional (if not now entirely legendary) instinct of the American: it is to abolish one after another as many government offices as we can find track of in the monstrous organism that centers in Washington. For in the end either the federal bureaucracy must give in to us, or we must give in to the bureaucracy.



THE MINOR POET'S HOLIDAY

BY GARRETT OPPENHEIM

PINE smells, lake sheen, the burning sky,
The oar-blade's swish, the voices' tinkling,
Merge with, resolve, and verify
The lucubrations of an inkling.

PAUL BUNYAN IN THE FLESH

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

I DIDN'T catch up with Jigger Jones until 1911. It was at a logging camp in northern New England, and the weather was around 35 below, accounted fair coolish even in those parts. Jigger was standing in the camp yard when I, a young punk of a new camp clerk, hove in on the tote-team.

Jigger wore neither toque nor mittens, which was unusual in that clime, but I looked first at his feet to know by witness if the legends I had heard about him were true. They were. The Jigger was barefoot. He walked up and down on the packed, creaking snow, passing the time of day with the tote-teamster, and occasionally he would stop and stand on one leg like a stork, rubbing one foot against his pants leg. I was to learn for a verity that he never wore socks, Summer or Winter, except on rare and state occasions such as funerals. Around camp he went barefoot, although he would pull on a pair of shoepacs or rubbers when he went into the woods to

take charge of the crew. A red woolen undershirt and a pair of heavy pants completed his outfit.

I found Jigger to be an excellent foreman of the old tradition, and he was assuredly the nearest thing to a Paul Bunyan that ever stalked the forest. Born in Maine sometime in the early 'Seventies, he had been christened Albert; but for reasons lost to history he had never been known as anything but The Jigger. And it seemed to all young loggers that there had never been a time, no matter how remote, when one hadn't heard of Jigger Jones working in the woods. His life and works had been so mighty that he existed part real, part myth, from the 'Eighties until violent death did him in near a White Mountain village two years ago.

Jigger became a logger at the tender age of eleven, and by the time he was sixteen he had reached the stature of manhood by chewing the ear off a full-grown camp bully. He would engage in innumerable other brawls in his long career. On the rare occasions when

he made a pretense of bathing, I was impressed by the deep marks of "loggers' smallpox" all over his chest, shoulders, and stomach — the work of many steel-calked boots stamped by opponents. That his face was entirely free from such marks was attributed to the fear in which men held Jigger's teeth. "If I got holt of a feller's ankle," he recounted with relish, "I chawed clean through boot, hide, and all."

It was Jigger's size that fooled many of the boys. A little more than five feet tall, he never weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds, but it was all steel-spring muscle. I saw him, when angered once, pick up a drum full of gasoline and slap it into a tote-sled. He was a veritable cat on logs in the water. He could and did shave with an ax, the only man in a score of camps I have seen do such a thing. His profanity was such as to peel the tar paper from a bunkhouse roof.

There may have been stronger and quicker men than Jigger, and there may have been better loggers — even if I never heard of them — but in the realm of alcohol Jigger stood alone. His drinking abilities passed all belief, unless one had seen them displayed over a period of years. He actually drank everything from clear grain alcohol to

canned heat, and from horse liniment to pain-killer; that is, everything except champagne and cock-tails, both of which he held to be injurious to the stomach and kidneys.

He knew when it was going to rain, snow, or freeze at least twenty-four hours before it happened. He knew to a day when the ice would go out of the Andros-coggin, the Kennebec, and the Connecticut; and he would casually cruise a timbered forty and come within a few thousand feet of its eventual log scale. With an ax-handle or sawed-off peavey he often faced a rebellious crew and offered to kill — not to lick — them all. Yet there wasn't an ounce of venom in his soul. In a tribe of traditionally generous men, he was outstanding. He considered it ethically indefensible for any man to leave for camp, from town, until he had spent his last dollar, lost his hat, and awakened with his coat pleated from sleeping against a radiator.

II

Jigger Jones would have lived to be a hundred years old, probably older, had he remained in the woods. Whole trees had crashed upon him; he had fallen forty-five

feet off a dam at First Connecticut Lake; a team of logs once ran him down; and for half a century he had lived in snow all Winter, in icy water all Spring on the drive—but neither exposure nor accident seemed to have any effect on him. It was the day when circumstances forced him out of the logging woods that he took the first step toward the grave.

When the New England pulp industry went haywire in the 1920's, the aging Jigger found camp-foremen's jobs scarce, and he went to work for the Forest Service. They put him atop Mount Chocorua as a fire lookout, and later moved him to the summit of Carter Dome, highest firetower in the northeastern United States. Jigger could spot fires, and he made a dandy lookout, alert, competent, and conscientious—just so long as there was actual fire hazard in the woods. But when rains had soaked the forest and even a city slicker would have known there could be no fires, Jigger took to seeing bats, winged eels, and other phenomena familiar to able drinking men even in high altitudes. Much as the Forest Service liked The Jigger, they had to let him go.

Presently, and after a brief toot in town, Jigger became a sort of glorified bull-cook and watchdog

for a bloated capitalist who had a Summer home and large shooting preserve in northern New England. During the dangerous dry months it was again Jigger's duty to sit in a lookout shack, this time atop a bald peak whose sides were so sheer as to discourage most mountain climbers. How, in the name of God, he ever managed to tote material to the very top of this dome and there set up a small but practical still, must be left to the imagination. But he did exactly that, and for weeks, until it blew up in a blaze of glory and fired the lookout cabin itself, the only smoke visible for miles around was that from what Jigger was pleased to call Jones' Tin-plated, Triple-worn, Little Giant Still. The product of this still, which Jigger said was the highest in America, was said to have made men breathe easily at 4000-foot altitude. Jigger called it Eagle Sweat.

Following detection of this contrivance and his subsequent discharge from the capitalist's ménage, Jigger took a job as foreman at a CCC camp. This was undoubtedly the beginning of the end, for he took to riding about, on occasion, in an automobile; and there was also the effect that life in a CCC camp must have had on his morale. City guys had ever

been anathema to Jigger, and in his eyes all CCC lads were such; yet he set out manfully to make real woodsmen of them. But he couldn't fire anybody, as of yore. He couldn't even curse anybody, much less whale some sense into them with a peavey handle. And "professors" came to camp to lecture the boys about gonococci, which Jigger held could be laid low and harmless by immediate applications of strong tobacco juice, as witness his own health and pure reproductive ability at close to seventy years. . . .

And there were rules about shaving and bathing and clothing and the hell and all. (Not that Jigger paid any attention to them, but it bothered him to know they existed, even in theory.) Perhaps the study periods bothered him most, although of course he never attended them. What did it profit a man, he would ask, to know that a fir was an *abies balsamea*, if he didn't know on which side of a tree the moss grew? "And a skunk ain't no bottle of Floridy water, even if you calls him by one of them Polark names," he said. (By "Polark", *i.e.*, *Polish*, Jigger designated any foreign language, either dead or living.)

It was all pretty discouraging to one who had spit *Spearhead* into

the eyes of mean French *canayens* and had bitten whole ears off gigantic Blue-Nosers from New Brunswick. Although the CCC boys, and their officers too, learned to like Jigger immensely and to have deep respect for his lore of the woods, Jigger's mind often turned back to the great days when, at the head of a crew of two hundred wild riverhogs, he took the drive from its headwaters at First Lake to Holyoke, Massachusetts, and on at least two occasions chased the logs, which had slipped the booms, right down to Saybrook, on Long Island Sound.

When this melancholia fastened upon him, Jigger would, in spite of all the officers could do, get off the reservation and go to town, any town, where he could "get something" for his stomach, an organ that must have been made of nothing less than boiler plate.

It was then that the pseudo-sophisticated younger generation of the White Mountain area were struck dumb and startled before the vastness of a he-man's binge. When he rolled out the stirring strophes to *The Red Light Saloon*, the Great Stone Face in Franconia Notch was seen to tremble slightly, and the few moose left in New Hampshire charged, bellowing in fear, over the State-line into Maine.

III

When the CCC regretfully let Jigger go, the end was not far off; but the end was not as it should have been. Folk had said of Jigger that he would surely go to his death by being trampled under the claws of purple pachyderms, while a six-legged boa-constrictor caressed his neck — fauna he had often met with in his years of serious drinking. Others had predicted, for years on end, that he would finally tumble off some cliff high enough to bust him up proper. None could have guessed that Death would call for him in a conveyance he wholeheartedly loathed — an automobile.

Released by the CCC, Jigger had taken to trapping, an art he had practiced off and on since childhood. He did very well with wildcat and lynx, that last Winter of his life, bringing several of the clawing devils alive into town, to sell them to zoos. Then came that cold day in February of 1935.

The Jigger found a Canadian lynx in the first trap. He killed it. And then a mighty thirst struck him. Instead of continuing on over the trap line, he hurried back to the village to claim the lynx bounty. He bought a quart, and then another, treating everybody

he met. Suddenly, he awoke to the fact that he had not visited his traps in twenty-four hours, a violation of a law that had been getting considerable attention from game wardens. This wouldn't do, for Jigger had often felt the heavy hand of the wardens in times past.

So, in what he must have known to be a weak moment, he engaged what he contemptuously referred to as a "horseless carriage" to carry him to a point where he could take-off on snowshoes near his trap line. Hitting along on all four, the car slithered off an icy road and crashed into a telephone pole.

The country doc to whom they brought the dying Jigger could hardly believe that a mere automobile crash could lay low such an indestructible fellow. True enough, his skull was broken in two places; he had concussion; and his arms, legs, shoulders, and ribs were smashed; but in the past Jigger had taken such things in his stride.

It was a churlish Fate that removed in such manner, even though he had his boots on, the old timber beast who could run faster, spit further, jump higher, and belch louder than any orey-eyed so-and-so north of Boston. All the old-timers present at the funeral remarked that it was one hell of a way for The Jigger to get sluiced.

THE SAGA OF BATTLE CREEK

BY JOHN SCHOOLCRAFT

I USED to know people who swore that there were great differences between the cities which dot the simple southern Michigan landscape: Jackson, Lansing, Kalamazoo, and Battle Creek. They were right about the last. Battle Creek was different, because of a species of fright which has been a distinctive thing and which in its many odd ramifications has been the cornerstone of a comfortable and enduring prosperity.

To make this understandable it is necessary to cast back a little into some sectarian intricacies characteristic of the early nineteenth century. At that time there was a great deal of loose talk about the end of the world and the Second Coming of Christ. In the 1830's, William Miller, who enjoyed the very English-sounding address of Low Hampton, New York, announced that he knew the exact date when this conclusive event was to take place. From a minute study of the Scriptures he had decided that the 2300 days mentioned in Daniel viii, 14, were in reality 2300 years,

and that these years had begun with Ezra's going up to Jerusalem in 457 B.C. The period was to end in a great cleansing of the sanctuary, and Miller interpreted this to mean the end of the world and the Second Advent. These calculations made 1843 the fatal year; it was later changed to 1844 to compensate for some differences between the Hebrew and the Roman chronologies. His conclusions were accepted as enthusiastically as were the data offered by a later-day revivalist, Dr. Townsend; although the emphasis was considerably different. Thousands of people sold or gave away farms, homes, and stores, and then, donning robes of white muslin, took to the hilltops and the housetops to await the flaming *finis* of the kindly planet from which they had drawn life and nourishment.

It is no news today that the liquidation did not take place. Survivors of the Great Disappointment (as it was still occasionally referred to in my childhood) milled around for a while and then coalesced loosely

into various Adventist sects. A large group moved to Battle Creek.

Most of their doctrine I heard from a pale neighbor who wore Mother Hubbards and sometimes complained that she had not slept well because people had been piling corpses against her door all night. The Adventists did not presume to say exactly when the end of the world would come (they used the scornful phrase "time-setters" to denote those who did) but it was "at hand". It might come at any instant; while you were in school, or going to bed, or at some embarrassing private moment. But even though the Adventists were vague as to their chronology, they were most specific in other details. The Second Coming was to be personal and visible; none of this folderol about a cleansed world through rebirth of grace in men's hearts. The Savior would, at the blast of a trumpet, descend from Heaven at meteor-like speed, and the Righteous would be snatched up to meet Him in mid-air. Graves would yawn and those faithful who had lain cold and comfortless for varying periods of time would also ascend in mid-air, there to change their garments of corruptibility for garments of incorruptibility. The living wicked would be consumed in flames, but by a

queer turn of doctrine, those of the wicked who had died were to have another thousand years of rest. At the end of that time they would be summoned to judgment, and it was always my young assumption that the righteous were to have a definite hand in the judging and were to comprise a kind of cheering section for the sulphurous pageant of eternal damnation.

This horrific doctrine was spread by energetic evangelists who toured the country. Converts by, the hundreds were scared into town and since there was a fairly airtight system of tithing in effect, each accession to the faith meant a boost to the prosperity of the sect and of the city. The Adventists taken by and large were better off than the rest of us, and they lived in a kind of gloomy smugness, based partly on material advantage and partly on the fact that they were to be saved while the heathen were to be reduced to something resembling soda ash. They sent a constant ripple of apprehension through the rest of the town and they maintained their own high standard of fear by doses of exhortation as unremitting as those nowadays applied to the faithful among the Soviets.

And, by and by, a most interesting scheme worked itself out by

which, to the economic aggrandizement of all, this lever of fright was applied to an infinitely greater circle, one which was independent of actual acceptance of the faith. Credit for this must be given to the reigning prophetess, Mother White: had it not been for this sibyl, Battle Creek would now be indistinguishable from the other cities strung along the main line of the Michigan Central Railroad. She was a great temperance worker, and she used temperance in a very wide sense. It was her belief that man's spiritual nature could be more easily reached (*i.e.*, he could be scared more easily) if he did not indulge in meat, liquor, tobacco, tea, coffee, grease, or walking home with girls after sociables. Somewhere in their wanderings she and her husband had visited a water cure in New York State, and when they settled in Battle Creek they brought into being a similar institution under the name of the Western Health Institute, or the Health Reform Institute; it is difficult to tell from the records just what it was called before it became the Battle Creek Sanitarium, with Dr. John Harvey Kellogg as director.

Dr. Kellogg had been a smart lad picked out by the Adventists and sent to Bellevue Hospital in New York City for the best medical

training then available. It was his historic function to bring to Mother White's rules of life the support of laboratory science, a great ingenuity in the invention of odd foods, and a genius for getting ideas spread around. The net result of a great deal of this effort has been to frighten the world's meat-eaters out of their wits.

At first there was considerable disagreement between the rising young doctor and Mother White, yet psychologically the methods of the younger man were an extension of the methods of the older woman, and they had a similar gratifying effect on the fortunes of the town. She said: "Eat no meat, or you will be spiritually damned." He said: "Eat no meat or you will be physically damned by poisonous residues which, accumulating in the colon, will cause any number of painful ailments and will undoubtedly shorten your life."

It must be admitted that when Dr. Kellogg shifted the basis of fright from the soul to the lower bowel he uncovered a vein of remarkable richness. The truth seems to be that the American is a hypochondriacal fellow and broods over his digestive tract (and in particular its terminal facilities) somewhat as the Hindu broods over his navel. To teach the regu-

larity enjoyed by the tribes of North India, the big apes of the London Zoo, and the big chimpanzee in the National Zoological Garden in Washington, D. C. (all of whose toilet habits have been carefully studied and reported upon) has, in spite of a great deal of excellent medical and surgical service, been the backbone of a huge business done at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

The effect on the well-being of the town became so evident that very early in its history the city fathers made the institution tax-exempt. The Health Reform Institute began in a frame building which had been a farmhouse; this gave way to a great red brick building with verandahs fourteen feet in depth. When this building burned there arose the present yellow brick structure which dominates the city exactly as the Cathedral dominates York. As the stream of patients swelled, more goods were sold; more people came to sell more goods; more houses and lots were sold to the people who came to sell more goods; and so on through the pleasant spiral of an expanding economy.

But the care and cure of patients were by no means the end. Another turn to the doctrine of prosperity through frightfulness de-

serves to be traced. It was necessary to produce substitutes for the meat and coffee which were tabooed, and to this task Dr. Kellogg brought skill and imagination. Sanitarium food products came forth in a globe-girdling stream and have had their place in maintaining the well-being of the town; but there was a further ramification leading to a larger source of wealth. Dr. Kellogg manufactured a caramel cereal which he used as a coffee substitute, and which he was serving when a pale neurotic rolled into the Sanitarium suffering from nervous breakdown following upon commercial insolvency.

The legend is that C. W. Post was not a very satisfactory patient while he was at the Sanitarium. He had already hammered out some ideas of his own about eating and drinking and about the healing of ills. These latter were to flower briefly in *La Vita Inn*, an institution conducted by Post in which the regimen was based, prophetically, upon mental suggestion. But if his stay at the Sanitarium did not cure his physical ailments, it did his financial troubles a world of good. The coffee substitute which came to the tables in the top floor dining-room put an idea into his head. That idea was to scare the millions of coffee-

drinkers in the world, just as the meat-eaters were being scared.

This new entrant in the field had the stride for big business; he sensed the value of the growing national magazines as an advertising medium; he appreciated the pulling power of a slogan, and the value of a glibly frightening text. The *Road to Wellville* campaign, which to my mind must stand with *Phoebe Snow* and the *Ham What Am* as a milestone in American advertising, blossomed, and it brought millions out of the pockets of the coffee addicts. *Grape Nuts* was a second inspiration, even though neither grapes nor nuts went into its composition. A new disease called appendicitis was sending chills up the spines of the country's neurotics, and Post artfully capitalized on this trend. He advertised that a diet of *Grape Nuts* would prevent appendicitis; but if one did fall heir to the ailment, flushing out the bowels and living on *Grape Nuts* would make an operation unnecessary.

Nor does the story end even here. There is another manufacturer in the town who is in a sense the heir of both the Sanitarium and the Post traditions. He is Will K. Kellogg, brother to Dr. John Harvey, and for many years business manager of the Sanitarium. He gained

a great deal through his family connection, among other things the sole, and thus very valuable, right to use the Kellogg patronymic on food products. Post had manufactured a corn flake under the name of *Elijah's Manna*, and it was his one failure. The idea must have been good, however, for Will Kellogg took it and built up a business, gigantic in size, which proved to be Depression-proof. It must be admitted that with this latest entrant into the patent-food field, the fear *motif* has been considerably watered down, but it is still there, in the cooing radio voice which, in hot weather, tells us it is better to send the kiddies to bed with no other supper than cereal.

It used to be the fashion among nearby communities to twit us residents of Battle Creek about our strange ideas and to intimate that the town and its citizens were more than a little screwy. These jibes became particularly keen when the automotive wave caught up some of our neighbors and raised them to giddy heights of prosperity. Battle Creek seems to have proved in the last few years, however, that in building for continued well-being there is no better foundation than apprehension, and if it can be an apprehension seated in the viscera, so much the better.

THE DANGERS OF SEXUAL ABSTINENCE

BY EDWIN W. HIRSCH

WHILE the reformers of America have of late been galloping madly in all directions, seeking to legislate happiness and social security into the human being, they have nimbly dodged one of the most important of all social problems, namely, sex. Were the uplifters as honestly concerned with racial progress as their press-agents would have us believe, they could hardly have evaded this issue; indeed, they would have attacked it with the same vigor which identified the Prohibition campaign and similar soul-saving movements. But alas, their insincerity toward actual betterment of the race is as patent as that of all professional do-gooders. Instead of hauling sex from under the bed and addressing it with logic and reason, they have quietly dropped it out the window.

This attitude is all the more extraordinary when one considers that sex is second only to eating as a physiological function. The widespread antagonism to the normal expression of sex urges, nurtured for generations in America, has

given rise to more human misery and suffering, more mental aberrations and self-destruction, than all the evils of modern economics put together. Thus, if the reformers were really in search of a problem to test their mettle, they would set upon sex without further ado. The likelihood, however, of such action is so remote that it is not amiss to analyze here one of the fundamental causes of social insecurity — the myth of sexual abstinence.

Sexual energy, like any other form of energy, cannot be destroyed; it can only be transformed. Hence, the problem demanding solution today is to indicate a method of conduct which will convert sexual force, both active and latent, into useful channels when body development is reaching its height. This stage, manifest in all humans between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two, is synchronous with the time when male and female are evincing the strongest interest in each other. Young men and women, emerging from the twilight zone of adolescence, enter

this crucial stage with pliant bodies and plastic minds; they are ready to absorb the vital knowledge which will make life intelligible. But constantly thwarting them is the powerful sex urge, coloring their thinking, absorbing their interest, and opening up an alluring dream world.

Only a few years ago it was thought that sexual life commenced at the period of puberty, and remained more or less quiescent until the legal age of maturity. It has now been demonstrated that sexual impulses assert themselves at birth and continue during the life of the individual. Extended observations have shown conclusively that infants enjoy a type of sexual activity; turgescence of the male genital organ is not infrequent, and the female infant exhibits similar reactions. But such signs need not be confined to the sexual organs. There are other reactions equally confirmatory. At a very early age, the child is likely to ask his parents how he came into being, and demand information concerning the construction of his body. The stork story usually suffices; yet it is a rare child, indeed, who believes it. Children usually patronize their parents by listening to such tales, but following the pretense, they invariably ask fur-

ther pointed and, to the average parent, embarrassing questions. The normal response to this healthy tendency is a stringent regulation of the child's conduct. No longer is he allowed to discuss his body-urges freely and openly. The weapon of regimentation is found in the development of a sense of shame; the result is a repression of the free exercise of natural inclinations.

When puberty is reached, there are signs of activity in the genital region of both sexes. But to curtail the newly stimulated interest in the sexual organs, the child is told that it is sinful to touch them, and thus, by additional repression and suppression, natural inclinations are held in check. The young boy is further disturbed by involuntary evacuations of semen during sleep, causing him intense worry before he discovers that this occurrence is a normal, harmless process. Many youngsters, however, before ascertaining the truth about the phenomenon, read a vast amount of the pseudo-medical rubbish which has been written for the purpose of alarming youth. Such terms as "loss of manhood", "seepage of vital power", "degeneration of the vital centers in the spinal cord", and "mental deterioration" have been used to describe the effects of

nature's method of expelling an excess of normal secretion—a purely mechanical combustive process.

Next we come to the problem of auto-erotism, which not so many years ago was regarded as the crime of crimes, but is now looked upon as a normal development of sexual life. At first, the practice was called Onanism after the Biblical Onan who caused his seed to be spilled to the ground (*Gen. xxxviii*, 8, 9); then the term masturbation (from *manus*—hand—and *struprum*—defilement) was introduced, but it retained an unpleasant connotation. Even in certain abridged dictionaries published as late as 1915, the word was omitted because of the odium attached to it. Finally, thanks to Havelock Ellis, the word *auto-erotism* was coined, and this trivial change in terminology made possible a wholesale study of a natural manifestation of the sex urge in growing youth.

In the opinion of the past generation, this voluntary method of relieving sexual tension was a sign of degeneracy, displayed by weak-willed individuals alone. Modern teaching, on the other hand, discloses that the procedure is an emergency escape when other methods of outlet are inadequate,

i.e., a temporary substitute to be used until the individual finds the normal answer to his quest.

Though most of the attention in regard to the habit has been focused on the male, it is now recognized that the female, once regarded as immune to such flights of behavior, and therefore outside the pale of sexual errors, is no stranger to the practice. It took the medical profession and the laity some years to recover from the shock of Freud's contention that the female also had to overcome an emotional barrier akin to that in the male. Statistical studies by Davis, Dickinson, Beam, Hamilton, and others show that in young women the resort to auto-erotism is not less frequent than in the male, that the practice is rarely carried to excess, that health is not impaired as a result, and that the habit is generally discontinued upon marriage.

Nevertheless, fretting over self-gratification is the rock on which many young minds are wrecked every day. Nervous breakdown is often the explanation tendered parents to explain those strange symptoms so commonly encountered when the individual resorts to flight from the usual routine. Yet mental-hygienists have rehabilitated thousands of adolescents by

eradicating the sense of guilt which accompanies all imagined infractions of the moral code. They have converted nervous young men and women into healthy individuals with a sane outlook on life and its sexual problems.

II

Normally, sexual energy can be dissipated to some extent by the process of sublimation, the act of utilizing it in non-sexual channels of activity. But in youth, when the force is at its height, sublimation can only suffice to a limited degree. Exercise, however, is one healthful method of diversion. Each form of sport permits the conversion of exuberant energy into playful activity. The benefits derived are not, as is sometimes supposed, due to the fatigue that games induce: on the contrary, over-fatigue should be avoided because it is apt to result in a stimulation of the sexual centers. But normal engagement in sports is decidedly beneficial; tennis allows rhythmic and graceful movement; swimming permits the exhibitionistic element to exert itself; boxing absorbs a portion of man's sadistic and masochistic nature. Furthermore, sublimation can be practiced in the arts, *e.g.*, painting, sculptur-

ing, writing, scientific research, the study of geology, astronomy, and botany. Hobbies such as book, plant, insect, autograph, and stamp collecting, are also useful adjuncts. Most important, however, is the possession of the correct social attitude. Activities such as dancing, conversation, and card-playing permit young men and women to give expression to their sexual emotions, and so dispel some of their amative force.

There are those who pride themselves on being abstinent yet resort to self-excitement to quell the body urge. Others derive sexual satisfaction from creating mental erotic pictures. Still others bring about relief by auto-erotism. But neither these persons, nor the individuals who focus all their love-life on those who can never serve as legitimate sexual objects, can lay claim to abstention. The latter relationships are fixations when they so absorb the love-aim that the objective is not sought, as in the case of a son who is so devoted to his mother that he is able to avoid all attraction from the female sex. Similar relationships also exist between daughter and father, between brother and sister. These bonds are normal in early youth, but are usually broken when sexual maturity is reached. Psychologi-

cally speaking, abstinence is a rarity and the problem of utilizing the indomitable sex force confronts practically everyone.

Now the teaching that continence over indefinite periods is harmless to the individual was once freely promulgated. The writers of the past all had one idea in mind: frighten the young and hold them in subjugation. They declared that the genital organs, not being muscular, did not require use to preserve their functions. The average youth, unfamiliar with the facts of physiology, was not able to discern the errors in such preposterous conclusions. Today, however, scientists and common-sense physicians are gradually debunking much of this vicious propaganda; the sex problem is being elucidated by looking facts in the face.

There is, of course, no question that great harm can result if young people adopt an anti-social attitude in order to ward off all stimuli engendered by the opposite sex. It can further be frankly stated that sexual abstinence beyond the maturity of youth, approximately the twenty-second year, is a very difficult task — especially for the male. In fact, the enormous incidence of psychic impotency is closely related to the effect of fear complexes

engendered at this impressionistic period.

The peril of venereal disease is also one of the danger signals waved in youth's path. Prostitutes spread disease; *ergo*, at all cost avoid the prostitute. An infinite number of lectures on the peril of prostitution have been given and an endless number of tracts on white slavery and the dissemination of disease have been written, but the real truth of the matter has not been revealed. Any venereologist with an aptitude for tracing the source of infection knows that the professional prostitute is the least dangerous source. The harlot knows much more about prophylaxis than her righteous sister. Though rarely admitted, the girl who occasionally indulges in sexual intercourse for pleasure is most commonly the infective agent. She knows practically nothing about venereal disease and cares less. Still another who spreads disease is the married or divorced woman who, because of her social status or the fact that she has had children, is regarded as immune to infection.

Many young men have their ardor for the opposite sex dampened by a fear, usually implanted at an early age, that any sexual activity is punishable by the loss of

the penis. Freud has termed it the castration complex. We see the consequences of this fear in the young men who avoid sexual intercourse because of physical shame. The school of individual psychology appropriately terms this phenomenon organ-inferiority. In searching for the cause of this idiotic notion, we find evidence to prove that the youth, on manifesting signs of virility, was frightened by someone who warned him that any use of the sexual organ for pleasure would result in its impairment.

Another cause of sexual inadequacy is fear of woman. Youth in his search for a love-object often seeks an image of his creation—the ideal woman. When enchanted, he is inclined to set the female on a pedestal and regard her as an object of adoration rather than as a human being like himself, possessed of the same emotions and desires. This tendency to overestimate the qualities of a mate often leads him to regard her as a member of an untouchable sect.

III

How, then, is youth to overcome all these various fears, so as to attain and consummate a union with his love-object? Education is the

antidote for fear. It entails a broad program, but the first myth to disprove is that sexual activity is bestial. Next, by dispelling the fairy tales about birth, much of the disturbing conflict existing in the child's mind concerning sex will be eradicated. Furthermore, courses in physiology will help dispel the fear that sexual phenomena are abnormal. Not so long ago it was thought that women who expressed any signs of sexual enjoyment were vulgar, and that sexual enjoyment was purely a male prerogative. To outward appearances the female is more capable of suppressing sexual inclination, but the actual facts speak otherwise. The vast number of neurotics and psychotics among women is evidence of unsuccessful repression. Unhappily, the woman who is *virgo intacta* after ten years of married life resents the only prescription which could cure her.

Promiscuity is not the answer to the problem of sexual abstinence. Even under ideal conditions the mechanism of sexual union at first is not a simple matter. There are psychological barriers that have to be overcome. Failure more often than success is the first problem with which the young couple must contend. But if there is love, companionship, and mutual under-

standing, the initial fright passes away and satisfactory sexual appeasement is brought about.

It is possible to present an endless number of clinical cases to illustrate the effects of rigid suppression. The vast number of anxiety-neuroses (formerly termed neurasthenia) are due to the attempt to restrain the libido. Young people suffering from this disorder are seldom aware that the malady about which they complain is due to a deprivation of a normal sexual outlet. Such neuroses, the result of sexual frustration, are an economic burden to the individual and society. The cost of defending the human being against the caprice of sex is far greater than the cost of normal sexual activity. Millions of dollars are spent on drugs to kill the sexual appetite and more millions are spent on compounds to enhance the potency of organically normal men and women, who believe themselves to be deficient. Self-imposed invalidism as a defense reaction against sex stimuli

is a common condition, generally unrecognized by relatives. Within our institutions there is confined many a case of hysterical paralysis due to psychic trauma of sexual origin.

What, then, ought to be the attitude of society and of youth toward the beckoning call of the magnetic force? It ought to be such that, in a limited way, the individual may be able to apply some of the precepts he has learned from experiences with the laws of natural selection. Youth should be given the opportunity to perceive psychically the joy of the mystic force, without feeling that such activities are enveloped in sin and shame. Young men and women familiar with the urge that activates those centers of the body which induce an elated feeling will come to look upon the sexual urge not as a mysterious stranger but as a natural concomitant of life. They should be taught that the sexual force stimulates the creative urge and all forms of ennobling activity.



NEITHER CAPITALISM NOR SOCIALISM

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

The economic system known as Distributism is being widely discussed. Mr. Belloc, generally recognized as the leader of the movement, describes its chief points.

DISTRIBUTISM is a long and clumsy word which is coming into use for a very simple and normal thing: the system of society in which the average citizen possesses enough property to give him and his family economic freedom. There was a time when everyone took it for granted, especially in the United States, that the typical free citizen would be an owner — generally an owner of land and if not the owner of land, then the owner of a business or the master of a craft. But today, wherever industrial capitalism rules — and it rules in all our main industries, including our transport system — a perilous and unnatural state of things has come to pass. The bulk of men are still called *free citizens*, for they are still politically free; but they are no longer economically free. They no longer possess the wherewithal to live. They live only at the mercy

of employers who possess the means of life — the reserves of food and clothing and house-room and instruments of production — or by support from the community doled out by the officers thereof.

In the presence of this unprecedented arrangement of society, a new word had to be found for the old thing, which had been nameless mainly because it had been taken for granted and was universal. For myself I should have preferred the word *Proprietary*, though that is rather long and pedantic. But on the existing models of *Socialism* and *Collectivism*, it was agreed to take the word *Distributism*. As the Socialist desires or accepts an arrangement of society wherein the means of production are vested in the community (society itself, the collectivity), so the Distributist desires a society in which the means of production are distributed as property among

the several units of the State — the families and individuals which compose it.

Now to begin with, let me emphasize certain negative points with regard to this creed of ours, which was, within living memory, a matter of course, and yet now sounds so odd in the ears of many contemporaries. Distributism does *not* propose the equal distribution of the means of production among the several individuals or families of the State. That is a mechanical, inhuman conception opposed to, and even contradictory of, the spirit which has moved men to attempt a return (if it be possible) to a good distribution of private property. A man is not unhappy or degraded because another man is richer than he; his suffering only becomes inhuman and abnormal when he has not the wherewithal to live as a free man. One can be free without being rich, but one cannot be free without the means of livelihood.

Again, Distributism does *not* mean the possession of sufficient land or capital or both by *all* families or *all* individuals in the State. That might be ideal, but it is not the practical goal which we aim at, which we think possible. There will always in practice be among men, even where property is

well distributed and guaranteed, a certain minority who cannot handle it, a certain exceptional number, large or small, who are incorrigible spendthrifts. What is more, there will always be a certain exceptional number, large or small, who not only have no appetite for economic freedom but positively dislike it, and prefer to shift onto other shoulders the responsibility of keeping them alive.

No, the goal of the Distributist is a society wherein so many of the citizens are economically free that they give their tone to the whole community. We all know the difference between a countryside where farmers live securely upon their own land, and industrial urban quarters where great herds of men turn to their ineluctable labor at the sound of a factory siren. In the one place there may be considerable numbers who possess nothing, who are working for hire under the farmers, or who are in domestic service with the wealthy of the neighborhood. But the tone of the place is a tone of ownership, of economic freedom. In the second instance you may have many a small shopkeeper possessing some economic independence, you may have many a man owning his own home, and not a few possessed of industrial shares or city or national

bonds on a small scale, but the tone of the whole place is proletarian, just as the tone of the first place is distributist.

Lastly, Distributism is *not*, most emphatically *not*, the ownership of the means of production in small units of simple instruments. It does not mean the return to the small carpenter's bench, the local blacksmith, the hand-weaver, and the hand printing press; nor does it mean, in transport, a return to the carrier's horse and cart. A simple society, based upon small craftsmanship, may be preferred to the highly complex society based upon concentrated machinery; it may even be held that the small craft and the small industry alone are permanent and that our great modern concentrations must inevitably crash sooner or later; but all that has nothing to do with the definition of Distributism. A railway between two great cities involves high concentration of capital, but it does not of itself involve the possession of that capital by one or even a few men. The capital may be possessed in shares, and those shares widely distributed. The management of a national loan involves high concentration of capital, but there is no necessity for the bonds being held by a few; they could just as well be held by indi-

viduals and families composing the mass of the community.

It is important to insist upon this last point because there is great confusion upon it. Not only do the enemies of well-divided private property and of the Distributist program ridicule and belittle it as impossible in modern large industry, because modern large industry involves concentration of capital, but many friends of Distributism become muddled on the same point. They would like to see the resurrection of the small craftsman. They deplore the damage done to society by large industry, they forget that while small craftsmanship may be subjected to economic servitude, large industry might be held co-operatively by a guild or by great numbers of shareholders. There have not been wanting states of society in the past where the small craftsman was a slave. There have not been wanting states of society in the past and the present also where the small craftsman and the small farmer was a wretched dependant upon usurers and tax collectors. The two ideas of small craftsmanship, small husbandry, etc., and the distribution of ownership must not be confused. They have a common spiritual appeal, but they are not identical.

From this list of what Distributism is *not*, let us turn to consider what the social philosophy of Distributism *is*.

We desire the better distribution of private property in at least a sufficient amount to secure freedom of action to the average man. It is natural to man to own, and to use his possessions under the action of his own will. To have one's life ordered by other men with no authority other than their possession of the means of production is not the norm, consonant to human instinct. There are conditions where life must be controlled: for instance, for the ordering of an army or a religious group, or the saving of imperiled people such as shipwrecked men on a raft at sea. Among these you may and sometimes must suppress the action of individual will, and in some cases even such action of the will over material objects as we call ownership. The soldier acts under orders, the monk and member of a shipwrecked crew own nothing; the one because he has abandoned the natural human right of property for a particular purpose, the other because under highly abnormal circumstances he was compelled to do so. The shipwrecked crew can only save itself as a communist body; the monk can only fulfil his

vocation as the member of a communist body. But in either case the whole point of such membership is that it is an exception to the common run; in the one case voluntarily, in the other (for the moment) inevitably.

When men are at once politically free and economically unfree (because they do not own the means of production and so cannot live save by leave of a master) they are called *proletarian*, and their general body is called the *proletariat*.

One might quarrel with that term also. It comes from an old Roman term which meant something very different. But here again things must have names and this is the accepted name for that very inhuman human condition. When a proletariat has come into being, that is, when there are so large a number of citizens dispossessed of any useful amount of property as to impose their spirit upon the mass of society, we talk of that society as *Capitalist*.

Here again is a bad term; there can be no production of wealth anywhere or anyhow without the use of capital; every society is capitalist in that sense. When a man talks of abolishing capital in industry he might as well talk of abolishing air in breathing. The

discussion turns not on whether there should be capital but on who should control it. The term Capitalist, however, has come to be used as a sort of shorthand for a society in which a minority, perhaps a small minority, control the means of production, and the rest, the proletariat, live at the will of such controllers. Capitalist in that sense the industrial areas of the modern world have become — and we know the result. The attempted combination of political freedom with a lack of economic freedom is not permanently workable, and meanwhile there is constant confusion, loss, and a direct opposition of interests between those citizens who actually produce the wealth by which we and they live and those who control the production of that wealth — and control the producers at the same time.

Of the innumerable evils proceeding from so unnatural and abnormal a state of affairs, the worst are, as always, spiritual evils.

II

This ephemeral but acute phase of social history which we call Capitalism and for which Proletarianism would be a better word, subjects free men arbitrarily to the will of other citizens, their politi-

cal equals, and compels them to this subjection through the mere power of money. There is no bond of duty such as co-exists with Status; there is no obligation of loyalty, nor any mutuality of service. The man who has nothing must work for the man who has the goods, and as both are completely free, the man who has nothing can legally be deprived of his livelihood at any moment at the caprice of the man who has the goods. The material evils accompanying this spiritual evil of degrading subjection with no moral sanction to enforce it, are insecurity of livelihood for nearly all, and a permanent measure of insufficiency for a great part of society.

It should have been clear that such a state of affairs could not endure once it had become widespread. So long as it was confined to a comparatively small proportion of the people, it would hobble along though with great friction; when it becomes the rule, when the mass of men are wage-earners at the mercy of a minority of capitalists, it is certain that the wage-earners if they remain politically free will rebel. We know the form that rebellion has taken with free labor — interference by conspiracy and combination: strikes on the one hand and lock-outs on the

other — all the elements of a simmering civil war. To restore peace and achieve a stable society there are only three policies possible. Either we must abolish capitalism by putting the means of production into the hands of State officials, in which case all citizens will lose their freedom and become the slaves of a Communist State. The half-free proletariat will lose such freedom as they have, and the wholly free possessor of capital will lose his entire freedom.

Or, as a second policy, we can enslave the proletariat; compel them by force to work for the profit of owners. In other words, we can re-establish private slavery. That is a very stable arrangement of society and a permanent one; we all came out of it and it would be natural that we should all return to it. Indeed, anyone with a long vision may think to foresee our return to it and perceive already the beginnings of the Servile State.

If we reject these two solutions — the Communist solution and the Servile State — there remains the Proprietary solution, the setting up of a social system in which ownership is the general rule and universal popular freedom is accompanied by widespread economic freedom; a state of society in which the normal citizen owns land or

housing or both and has a share of profits from commercial enterprise, from State bonds or in general revenue from investment, as well as revenue earned by his own labor. We know well what such a state of society can be for we belonged to it in the immediate past; the United States within living memory was a Distributist society. France today is at least one half Distributist, and Denmark almost wholly so. The government of Italy today is aiming at Distributism; the independent Irish have made it the main part of their political program.

Inevitably the obstacles to its achievement are very great. Many would pronounce them insurmountable. First, as always, come the spiritual factors. Men have grown used to capitalism and have come to think in terms of wage-earner and employer. It is difficult to go back to another mood. Next, our existing laws are nearly all in favor of large accumulations through the action of competition. Increasing rapidity of transport, increasing rapidity in the transmission of information and orders, work in the same way; so does the increasing efficiency of the machine.

But all these factors making for the putting of control into a few

hands can be counteracted. You may preserve the expensive centralized machinery in transport and manufacture, but you may divide its shareholding individually. You may aid the division of accumulation by differential taxes; we already have differential taxation weighing heavily upon great accumulations of wealth, but we do not use it for the furtherance of better division. Were we to do so, better division could be achieved. It is not enough to super-tax the rich man; you must use the proceeds to build up the property of the small man, both by subsidy and by giving a premium upon purchase of capital and law by the small man with a penalty for purchase by the big man. Your differential tax can gradually extinguish the chain store and the department store; and in the very important department of public investment you can see to it that the small subscriber is favored when State or municipal bonds are issued, and the large one handicapped.

With a sufficient will to create small property, well distributed throughout the community, the thing could certainly be done: the difficulty would be when once it was done to keep it stable. The two forms of slavery, Communism and personal slavery, remain stable of

themselves; but, just as political freedom requires for its maintenance a permanent attitude of alert defense, so does economic freedom—and a permanent attitude of alert defense is difficult to maintain. Moreover, if it is left to competing individuals, un-co-ordinated, it is impossible to maintain.

Therefore in order to make the Proprietary State stable, you must have laws (or customs with the force of laws) which make it difficult for the small man to alienate himself and yet safeguard him in his share of the means of production. Laws of hereditary succession will do this, so will the natural play of differential taxation, which profits the small purchaser at the expense of the large purchaser whenever there is a transfer of capital or land. But the best instrument of all for maintaining the stability of small property is the Guild.

If we can re-establish the Guild we shall have done the trick. With men incorporated in chartered guilds having the power of the State behind them, small property, once achieved, will be secure. The Guild regulates its own affairs, it sets limits to competition within its own boundaries, it provides for a succession of new free guildsmen by apprenticeship (which is a form

of initiation), it sets the price of the goods produced (another check on competition), it regulates the method of production also, it has every advantage and every power for dealing with property after a fashion that shall maintain it in spite of the threat of competition. If we are to build the Distributist State, the Guild must be the keystone of that arch, and until men are trained in the idea of the Guild, until the Guild is set up and begins working before their eyes, the attempt to restore a Distributist State will be vain.

And there is a last proviso. The Distributist State to be secure must

include large fields of State action, not only political but economic. Whatever is of its nature a monopoly must be under State control, more or less developed. You cannot have a Distributist Society such as that of the best part of the Middle Ages without a strong executive to safeguard the small man permanently against the aggression of the great. In most communities of the Middle Ages, this function was performed by an official called a King; the name does not matter, but the office is all-important. A society without a strong, centralized executive is a society inevitably doomed to plutocracy.



INVITATION TO DEATH

BY HELENE MAGARET

WERE Death to come before the end
 Of Summer, I would say, "My friend!"
 And take his hand as if I had
 A beautiful reason to be glad.
 At dusk that day I would confess
 How weary I am of loneliness.
 But if he does not come by frost
 The apple he dreamed of will be lost.
 By Autumn, being fully grown,
 I shall have learned to stand alone.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HAY FEVER

BY AUGUST A. THOMEN

THERE are few human ailments so generally misunderstood as hay fever. Yet the recurrence of the malady over a period of years, its long seasonal duration, the distressful character of its symptoms, the practical impossibility of hiding it from one's neighbors, and the fact that there are at least 1,250,000 sufferers in the United States, are the chief reasons for its being a much-talked-about disease—a circumstance which readily engenders unsound beliefs and disseminates misinformation. Following are the more important fallacies concerning the malady. The accompanying refutations of each should give the reader a clear picture of the truth about the disease. The fallacies:

1. That hay fever is contagious.

There is no known instance of the disease ever having been caused in this manner. The non-contagiousness of hay fever should be more generally known, for the unhappy lot of the sufferer is frequently intensified by the fear of

his family and his friends that they may catch it.

2. That goldenrod causes hay fever.

This misbelief has attained almost universal acceptance. The fact is that goldenrod does not cause hay fever, because it is insect-pollinated, and because its pollen is not sufficiently buoyant nor produced in sufficiently large quantities. It may, however, be a factor in the causation of symptoms, when an individual is in close proximity to it. In this connection, the following five postulates may be applied to pollen in its relation to hay fever:

- a. The pollen must contain an excitant of hay fever.
- b. The pollen must be wind-borne as regards its mode of pollination.
- c. The pollen must be produced in sufficiently large quantities.
- d. The pollen must be sufficiently buoyant to be carried considerable distances.
- e. The plant producing pollen must be widely and abundantly distributed.

The pollen of goldenrod does not satisfy the requirements of b,

c, and d. And fortunately, there are very few plants whose pollens adequately do satisfy the requirements of each of these postulates. The primary causes of hay fever throughout the world can be found among a dozen trees, a dozen grasses, and a dozen weeds. Goldenrod is definitely not among them.

3. *That hay fever occurs chiefly in so-called nervous people.*

As a matter of fact, there is no particular type of individual in whom it is more frequently observed. It occurs in the weak and the strong, the scrawny and the corpulent, the phlegmatic and the temperamental, those of large and those of small stature, the dark and the light complected, the robust and the ailing.

4. *That hay fever is a disease of the eyes or nose.*

It is not. In reality it is a constitutional disease, for the hay-fever subject has in his blood a sensitizing substance called *reagin*, which is specific for the particular pollen or pollens to which he is sensitive. It is the presence of reagin which enables the physician to make diagnostic tests on the patient's skin. The reagin can be transferred by injection to the skin of a normal in-

dividual, where it will induce a localized, temporary sensitivity to the particular pollens to which the patient is sensitive. The reason for the evident eye and nose symptoms is that the mucous membranes of these organs are readily accessible to the offending pollen.

5. *That there is such an ailment as "Rose Cold".*

Roses do not cause hay fever, because their pollen also fails to satisfy the requirements of the five postulates above. The term "Rose Cold", therefore, is a misnomer: it is incorrectly used to designate the Summer type of hay fever caused by the pollen of grasses, and occurring from about mid-May to mid-July.

6. *That the term "hay fever" is an accurate one.*

The malady is neither due to hay nor characterized by any rise in the patient's temperature. The term appears to have originated among the laity, shortly after John Bostock, an English physician, first described the disease in 1819, when hay fever was loosely applied to many indispositions without recourse to the clinical thermometer. A more correct designation would be *pollinosis*. The term *hay fever* is used in a generic sense, to denote

the symptom complex resulting from the contact of the pollen with the mucous membranes of specifically sensitive individuals. We speak of tree-, grass-, or weed-hay-fever.

7. *That hay fever is a trivial ailment.*

This fallacy is perpetuated by the seasonal appearance of newspaper articles which poke fun at the hay-fever subject and belittle his suffering. But hay fever in the majority of cases is a serious matter. It means that the patient belongs to the definitely hypersensitive class of individuals, and indicates the possibility of other types of sensitivity occurring. Furthermore, it is now definitely established that from fifty to sixty-five per cent of all hay-fever subjects, if not properly treated, ultimately develop asthma, which is always serious.

8. *That hay fever is spontaneously cured after seven years.*

This is merely another example of the superstition concerning the significance of the number seven. The notion is also associated with poison ivy, which is often considered to recur for seven consecutive years. It is a simple superstition, and nothing more.

9. *That hay fever is contracted as a result of the patient having lived in, or visited, a certain place.*

Patients often assert that they know just where they "caught the hay fever", and express resentment at the country resort, the particular hotel, city, or other place in question. The fact is, the patient would have experienced his first attack of hay fever in a given year, no matter where he happened to be, provided that he came in contact with the particular pollen to which he was sensitive.

10. *That hay fever occurs most often in well-educated and intelligent people, and that it shows a special predilection for the upper classes of society.*

There was a time when hay fever was looked upon as a badge of culture. Bostock, writing from London in 1828, stated that he made inquiry at various dispensaries but could not find "a single unequivocal case among the poor", and Beard, writing from New York in 1876, observed that "Fifth Avenue is quite familiar with hay fever, while Five Points has not a case". Patients were likely to point to certain members of royal families, and to others illustrious in the arts and sciences, taking consola-

tion in the thought that at least they were in good company. Science now knows that these notions were founded on insufficient evidence and that hay fever is not a respecter of persons.

11. That diet is a causative factor, and that it materially influences the symptoms.

I have known hay fever to occur in the strict vegetarian, the food faddist, the bibulous, and the teetotaler; and have vainly endeavored to influence the symptoms by diets low in protein and high in carbohydrates (and *vice versa*).

12. That hay fever is caused by an individual's proximity to weeds, grasses, and trees when they are in bloom.

Something more is needed for development of the malady than mere contact with a causative pollen—and that is the capacity to develop the specific sensitizing substance. The most important known factor is heredity.

13. That hay fever cannot be cured.

This fallacy gains credence ow-

ing to the length of years that the malady usually endures. Definite cures have nevertheless resulted from treatment by means of the injection of specific pollen extracts. It is, however, known to be a most stubborn and recalcitrant disease, hence the belief regarding its incurability. Certainly, there is no known internal remedy, nasal spray, or eyedrop mixture which is capable of effecting a cure. Whatever hope exists in this connection is to be sought in specific treatment of each case as an individual problem.

14. That hay fever can be cured by a nasal operation.

This fallacy is linked to the erroneous conception that hay fever is essentially a disease of the nose and eyes. Nasal operations were very common in the past. And even at this day, they are performed all too frequently with the expectation, implied at least, of a cure. Operations which improve the function of the nose may lessen the intensity of the symptoms, but they must not be expected to cure the malady.



PORTRAIT OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY

BY FLETCHER PRATT

THE United States Naval Academy was established at Annapolis, Maryland, as the result of a sensational mutiny which ended in the hanging at sea of the nephew of the then Secretary of War. It was slipped into existence against congressional opposition, with a borrowed plant, a staff raided from the fleet, and an appropriation picked from the pockets of its officers. The institution oddly combines an ancient, conservative tradition with radical modernity of method; it educates young men under conditions of Spartan democracy for life as members of a privileged hierarchy. The student must meet physical demands as severe as those of Notre Dame and mental demands as severe as those of Harvard; his individuality is not developed but ruthlessly abraded toward a predetermined norm and he is made aware of this effort to convert him into a robot at every turn; he faces a future in which he will earn less than the average bricklayer for the next ten years and which holds for him a

strong possibility of violent death. But he enjoys it all very much.

When the fledgling midshipman enters the big gate on Maryland Avenue he becomes a social instrument as thoroughly as a piece of armor-plate passing through the doors of a Fore River shipbuilding plant. Thus the only question to be answered in this article is whether the method of handling produces a satisfactory result, whether the Academy supplies the United States Navy with an adequate number of well-built, armor-plated officers.

Our great sea fights of 1812, to begin at the beginning, were won by officers who entered the service as boys under a system borrowed from the British, receiving education and experience as they grew up aboard ship. It required two conditions for complete success: that there should be frequent naval wars, with the resultant tightening of discipline, rapid promotion, and emphasis upon executive ability; and that the technical side of an officer's education should include

little theory and be acquirable by example. The system worked well in the British Navy during the age of sail, but in this country the long gap between the War of 1812 and the Civil War, with the swift advance in engineering and artillery during the period, caused both conditions to be violated.

The technical difficulty was felt early. It was still during the War of 1812 that a schoolmaster was provided for each of the three line-of-battleships then building. But the pay was too low to draw good teachers and the frequent changes of personnel made education almost impossible. Then the long peace period so jammed the promotional gears that the midshipmen remained midshipmen (that is, boys with some authority, no responsibility, in contact with seamen rather than officers) all through their formative years. Of course, they became seamen and not officers; drank, padded the payrolls, ordered heavy floggings in moments of petulance, and hid blondes in the wardroom. The blow-off came in 1842 when Midshipman Spencer of the brig *Somers* got several of the crew into a plot to assassinate the officers, seize the ship, and go a-pirating on the Spanish Main. The *Somers'* captain discovered the plan, and

in spite of Spencer's relation to the Secretary of War, hanged him from the yardarm.

The event produced an outburst of anti-Navy feeling, but it also brought the appointment of George Bancroft to the Navy Department to clean up the service. Bancroft possessed enough historical perspective to realize that the British system had been predicated upon an aristocracy of birth which kept midshipmen a cut above their surroundings even during peace time. His remedy was to create an aristocracy of education, a special caste which should emphasize the noun at the expense of the adjective in the phrase "naval officer".

As Congress was in no mood to grant funds for the experiment, it was conducted practically in secret. Bancroft borrowed a moribund garrison post from the army (Fort Severn), selected five of the sea-going schoolmasters as specially competent, dismissed the rest, threw their salaries into the operation fund (he got away with it because the appropriation bill had earmarked the funds for "naval instruction"), and detailed three naval officers to complete the staff. They had five students to work on when the new institution opened in October, 1845.

More followed rapidly as ships

returned from cruise and their midshipmen were shunted into the school. It is significant of general conditions in the service that there were two cases of pink elephants and five dismissals for chronic drunkenness during the first eight months. Franklin Buchanan, the superintendent, made the dismissals without a tremor, flatly against tradition in an age when every gentleman took his after-dinner bottle. Buchanan did not believe in the mixture of alcohol and education, but he was no Prohibitionist; his compelling motive seems to have been the establishment of a firm tradition that those who entered the school belonged to a race apart.

It is difficult both to express the present strength of that tradition and to exaggerate its importance, once acknowledged. No other naval school has anything like the *esprit de corps* of Annapolis. In one direction it has led to the disappearance of Navy cliques: the United States fleet has always been free from such affairs as the Beresford-Fisher controversy in England and the earth-shaking question of whether engineer officers are gentlemen. This principle may be stated thus — every naval officer must be fit for any command duty in the Navy (within the bounds

of his rank). The ideal is not always strictly adhered to (Medical and Construction Corps men being exceptions), and when it is, is not always attended by happy results — notably in the case of the lighter-than-air division, whose disasters have been attributed to inexperienced command. But it remains so much the strongest traditional idea that no discussion of Annapolis is possible without taking it into account.

Of course, it eliminates the oddity of genius at once: Charles P. Steinmetz would be impossible, and John Paul Jones would have a pretty thin time. Yet on the whole, genius is probably best eliminated from a mechanical navy. The Service is necessarily a hierarchy; all decisions are in the hands of the executive, and the only way of giving your mad genius a voice is to make him a high executive. Now a high executive post in a modern navy means command of a battleship or a squadron, and this is too large a chunk of the national safety to put in the hands of a man who may go off his crumpet. The British discovered that in '89 when Admiral Tryon testily refused to cancel orders for an impossible maneuver and sank a two-million-dollar battleship with 300 men as a result.

II

The consideration, however, is not the military value of uniformity but its effect upon the Academy and the resultant effect upon the Service. That effect is profound; it begins with the day of the plebe's arrival and extends through the whole of his academic career. He opens it by losing all contact with the outer world, even to his clothes, which are sent home; receives his uniform and housekeeping supplies, and with a roommate who is selected on snap judgment, is assigned to a small room exactly like every other in the Academy. From that day forth he will be his own valet, launderer, bootblack, tailor. He will rise at 6:30 A.M. and a reveille inspector will see to it that he does; will march in formation to the mess-hall, where he may eat and speak only at command; will start his classes at 8 o'clock, and find a note announcing that the room inspector has discovered a speck of dust on top of his locker when he returns to his room at 9 A.M. At 2:30, he will finish alternating periods of study and recitation with a two-hour drill, which will be followed by an afternoon of regulated play. At 9:30 P.M. he will be one of the "watch-squad" that makes certain the other midship-

men are in their rooms, or will be shepherded to his room by such a squad; at 10:15 his light must be out. All his courses are required courses; he will have no freedom of choice except as to athletics. The use of tobacco or alcohol is forbidden and the regulation is enforced. He will be too occupied to think up any of those ebullitions of youthful spirits that make the average college amusing; the low rank of the Annapolis humorous publication is an indirect evidence of this. Even his vacation will be spent cruising on a battleship.

Of course, one of the chief criticisms to be levied against the Academy is that you cannot compress steam this far without producing a serious explosion. The not-infrequent crack-ups among young officers not long out of Annapolis can usually be referred to the phenomena of delayed adolescence; the sudden impinging of the adult world upon boys who have been protected from it for four years. Perhaps in no respect is this more obvious than in matters of sex. The attitude of the average midshipman toward women may be described as fairly healthy but highly romanticized — not unlike that of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. His normal development in this direction is sublimated by severe dis-

cipline and studies. Hence, he quite literally has no time to think about the subject, and his contacts with girls are limited to the home-town belles he encounters during brief leaves, and the town-girls of Annapolis or Baltimore he meets at the Academy hops. But both youth and girl are aware that he is a male Cinderella who must fly at the stroke of twelve; it increases the fundamental romanticism of his attitude, and it is not until he is graduated from the Academy that he gets the facts, and then in a bunch, with results apparent to all. Unfortunately this romantic attitude takes its toll by making it quite popular for the young ensign to be married as soon as possible after graduation; a good many of them must regret it later.

The close regulation of romance at Annapolis is a surface sign of an underlying fact which is perhaps more clearly expressed in the peculiar system of instruction. This consists in splitting each class into small groups of from twelve to eighteen students. For a brief period this group is in the hands of an instructor; then it is broken up and its units, with men from another group, pass to a different instructor. Each instructor grades his students and the grades are averaged at the end of the term. Naval

authorities say this arrangement is based on a desire for fairness. This is no doubt true, but it is a rationalization, the underlying desideratum being that uniformity which is beneath all Navy ideas of officership. Uniformity demands that every officer shall be able to serve equally well in command of a submarine, as gunnery officer on a battleship, as communications officer of a cruiser, or in charge of the engine room of an aircraft carrier. The resulting conflict of loyalties lies behind one of the most frequently and justly criticized features of the Annapolis system — what may be called persistent cramming of students.

The evidence of this is everywhere visible — in the long study hours — in simultaneous study of many heavy mathematical subjects — in combining English and History in a single course, and the elimination of the Classics. It is beyond human capacity for the midshipman to learn well all these things, and those who do achieve the miracle accomplish it at the price of internal damage.

The difficulty is felt in the Service, and various suggestions have been offered, the most popular of which would lengthen the course to six years, either by keeping the midshipmen an additional two

years or by taking them in two years younger. The second procedure has the obvious disadvantage of pitchforking young boys into abstruse technical courses for which their primary education has not prepared them. Lengthening the course two years has merit from a pedagogical point of view, but involves the serious difficulty that the graduates would not taste sea service till the neighborhood of their twenty-fifth year. Foreign navies, especially the British, consider that our twenty-two-year-old ensigns attain their first sea duties too late to make the best officers.

Still another method offers more promise: it consists in the development of the post-graduate school, which in effect provides a seven-year course for young officers showing aptitude for specialization. Six or seven years beyond graduation (the trend is toward shorter periods), approximately the time the officers have become junior lieutenants, a certain number from each class are returned to the Academy for specialized three-year courses, a year of this being spent at the Academy and the last two in one of the civilian universities. The P.G. school has been a great success; fleet and ship commanders everywhere clamor for the specialists it turns out.

The one exception to the general statement that the Academy fulfills its purpose is the air service, and this is an odd statement in view of the international opinion that the American naval air service is the best in the world. This efficiency has been achieved by recognizing a fact still short of acceptance in other navies—that proper handling of fleet aircraft requires personnel of officer caliber, that is, above the average; men able to see operations from the (standardized) officer's point of view rather than the aviator's. In practice, the air service has proved extremely attractive to young men and this, perhaps as much as the Depression, is behind the rush of recruits to the Academy the last few years. At the turn of the century it was not uncommon for one of the two appointments controlled by each congressman to be vacant; now the pressure for admission has forced Congress to provide five appointments per member, and the list is always filled.

A corollary result of this tendency toward the air arm has been the production of a huge number of junior officers. Promotion time has now arrived for those who entered the service during and after the World War; and this means not merely promotion in rank but,

necessarily, promotion from simple flying duty to executive work with the fleet. There is no reason why a naval officer who has specialized in aviation should be a less satisfactory executive than a specialist in engineering, and in fact there appears no disposition to overlook former flyers in giving out executive posts. The rub comes at another point; there are so many junior flying officers growing up that the fleet cannot absorb them. The result is that many must be put on shore duty, itself a violation of the rule of uniformity, and many more must be retired just when they are forsaking the low-pay class.

Of course this violent attrition should guarantee a very high type of officer in the upper ranks, and under the theory that he is a social instrument whose personal fortunes are of no importance, the naval officer should not mind being eliminated. In practice he minds it a great deal; when the retirement notice comes he has usually reached an age at which most professions are closed to him.

IV

All this leaves out of account that social instrument, the individual midshipman. One can hardly show his feelings toward the Academy

except through the ocular and auditory proof which the printed page cannot offer. To the observer he looks like a very happy, healthy animal, a trifle dull at times, since his all-work-and-no-play existence produces that effect. But when all deductions are made, the most attractive thing the Academy and the Service has to offer is the imponderable fact that the fledgling officer feels himself the heir of a great tradition. It is not merely the tradition of exclusiveness, of a made aristocracy which Bancroft and Buchanan fostered in the early days; it is rather the tradition of the Navy itself, a forthright, earnest, emotional tradition of courage, violence, and patriotism in a world which the average young man of midshipman age finds too much given to discussing Freudian complexes over a tumbler of gin. That tradition is all about the midshipman at Annapolis; he moves in it as a fish in water. The first thing he sees as he enters the dormitory at Bancroft Hall is Perry's "Don't Give Up the Ship" flag, while the walls of his assembly hall are hung with captured battleflags — British, Spanish, Mexican, French. His textbooks constantly bring home to him the fact that he is one with tradition; many of his instructors have seen war service.

It is easy to set this down as artificially stimulated emotionalism, but its effect cannot be exaggerated. In the last analysis the factor that supplies the drive to carry the midshipman through his course of study is his consciousness of being at one with this illustrious tradition. The influence is oddly borne out when one studies the midshipmen's leisure reading; naval biographies and naval history are by far the most popular subjects, and

in fiction Jeffery Farnol and Rafael Sabatini run neck and neck. Next in fiction comes Thomas Hardy, a preference surprising only until one hears that next on the non-fiction list are works on psychology. But perhaps all these choices can be homologated by saying that the Academy is a success in imparting to its students a fundamental interest in those matters of leadership in war—which is its primary function.



WE ENTER EDEN

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

WITH harvest in at length and pastures browned,
The last sweet kernel shredded from its husk,
With shadows heaped upon the Autumn ground
Like fallen foliage of deciduous dusk,
We walk the woods and scent the distant snow
Down late October's cool and glimmering arch,
Or wander blithely where the wet winds blow
On acres that the Summer used to parch.
We have subdued the year; triumphantly,
Our hearts united, have outstripped the frost
And entered Eden, whose fertility
We now lay claim to, that no sheaf be lost,
Forgetting, in the wonder come to pass,
The flattened head that roves the whispering grass.

CREMATION

By C. ELLIOTT STOCKER

HEAT waves shimmer from a ring of rectangular vents girdling the top of a squat tower, heat waves that dance and flicker from the heavy masonry against the sky. From below a man watches the ripples in a mirror, set at an angle outside the window where he stands. Occasionally he steps to a row of nearby valve handles, turns one or another, and then returns to his scrutiny of the tower vents. Heat is this man's stock in trade. Heat and ashes. The dancing glimmer he watches so closely in the mirror is the gauge of his skill. Those heat waves must be clean, without smoke, without even a hint of color, else his constant adjusting of the valves has been faulty. His business is a science — and science tolerates no errors.

Under the tower where the heat waves flicker is a Gothic chapel, but behind its stained-glass windows are no pews, no pulpit, no organ loft. Tile walls and nicked fittings gleam under bright lights. In place of smiling ushers in frock coats are sober figures in plain,

dark uniforms. And the music of this strange chapel is a low, sullen roar, deep inside the heavy stone walls, booming an awesome requiem for the dead. This is a crematory, and through these heavy oak doors have passed more caskets than the man who watches the heat waves can recall, and out again have gone a similar number of small metal urns, each holding a few pounds of pure gray lime ash. What has happened in between, few persons know, beyond that cryptic word, *Cremation*.

There is much to learn from witnessing a process which reduces what was once a human body, years in the making, to a small can of gray lime ash in exactly seventy-five minutes. That is the time; it does not change. The only variation comes in the amount of the ash, which is determined by the frame of the individual, since there remains at the end of an hour and fifteen minutes only the residue of lime ash from the bones of the skeleton. Everything else has disappeared, consumed in the terrific

heat of 3800 degrees, even the metal screws of the casket. Everything except pivot teeth, which are prepared in electric ovens whose temperature is several hundred degrees higher than oil flame. The reference to casket screws may be puzzling, due to a popular misconception. The casket does go through the process with its contents, all except the handles. It is the attendants' job to remove these.

Behind the gleaming white tile inside the chapel-like building are the ovens. They are rectangular cells, waist-high, about twice as wide and high as a casket and a little longer. Three feet of fire brick, masonry, and tile enclose them, and yet after seventy-five minutes of 3800-degree heat, a hand cannot be held more than a moment against the outside tile. At the front end, where the caskets are rolled in, there is a sliding inner door of heavy fire brick, and an outside door of thick metal swinging on hinges and locked into place by three turnbuckles. That is all the visitor sees — the bare tile wall with the heavy doors behind which waits extinction.

At the back end of each oven, where visitors are not encouraged, is a small cast-iron door about eighteen inches square. This door

does not swing on hinges, nor is it bolted in place. It is set in a seal of plaster of Paris, fresh, white, and intentionally vulnerable to the shock of possible explosion. In the center of this small door is a round hole, three inches in diameter, set with heavy isinglass, a peephole into an inferno such as Dante never imagined.

All around, behind the fire ovens and set into the side walls, are the valve handles that the superintendent, watching the heat waves through the mirror, twists from time to time. They control oil and air, and upon a hair-line balance between the two depends the success of the difficult oxidation process.

There remains one more section of equipment which is unseen, except as valves indicate its presence. It is a second, smaller oven directly beneath the first and under the floor level. Through it pass the flues to the turret where the heat waves dance and in it takes place the secondary combustion of gas and ash. Beyond this combustion chamber must pass nothing but heat. That is why the engineer gazes fixedly into the mirror focused on the turret top and deftly juggles 3800 degrees of heat with one hand and compressed air with the other.

II

After the removal of the handles, the casket is wheeled to the mouth of the oven, the head lifted onto the first of a row of small wooden rollers laid on the oven floor, and the heavy bulk rolled into the crypt and tugged into position. It must be placed just so or there will be trouble. The superintendent lines up both sides with his eye and then presses an electric button. The heavy fire-brick door grinds slowly down in its slots, lowered with a winch by the assistant who has gone in back of the ovens for that purpose. With the fire door in place and inspected, the heavy outside metal door is swung shut and the large turnbuckles are screwed down. It will be twenty-four hours before that door is opened again, and when it is, the oven will be empty save for a scattering of crumbled ash over the brick floor, hardly enough to fill a five-quart can.

It is time now for the only music this strange chapel knows—the roar of flame deep in the bowels of the masonry. It comes swiftly as the engineer turns to his work. There is the whine of a motor for a few seconds and then a sullen booming as the oil burner in the lower combustion chamber takes

hold and warms up. A short pause, and then a louder, closer roar bursts into sound. That is the heavy spray of oil flame entering the oven above the head of the casket, caught and swirled clockwise as it travels by jets of compressed air spurting in from the side walls. Proper functioning of these jets is the test of the engineer's skill. They must at all times be strong enough for efficient combustion, lest gases build up to explosive proportions. Yet they must not be so strong as to carry vapors past the combustion chamber in the early stages nor lime ash out of the oven in the later stages. A cremation that left no ashes would obviously be disconcerting.

The superintendent, therefore, watches the tower mirror, stares periodically through the peephole in the rear door, and "feels" the progress with a sort of sixth sense that involves a mixture of sound and vibration. He can read changes in the boom of the burners as an orchestra conductor digresses from a musical score. The novice learns few differences of sound and vibration, and can scarcely detect any faint tinge of color in the dancing heat waves caught by the mirror before they have disappeared under the engineer's deft valving. But it needs no sixth sense

to squat at the peephole and just watch.

Through the roaring hell of fire, nothing but flame is visible at first. Then slowly form and substance take shape through the obscuring inferno as the eyes become accustomed to it. A thin, dark line creeps slowly down the square end of the casket after about twelve minutes. It is a crack, gradually widening from the top until suddenly the box splits and drops to each side like an egg shell. A swift cloud of black smoke slaps the inside of the peephole, blotting out vision, startling the observer. At the same moment, the roar of the burners drops to a deeper pitch and a distinct vibration rumbles like a prolonged earthquake through the heavy masonry. This is the dangerous moment of the process. If one does not sense it from the startling vibration through the floor and walls, it becomes apparent in the swift activity of the superintendent and his assistant. The bursting casket has thrown explosive volumes of gas into the oven. Flame must be quickly reduced and the air jets opened wide until the danger has passed.

There is always the safeguard of the small door set in plaster. If there is an explosion, that door will blast from its seal and no permanent

damage is done, unless the cast iron shatters against the wall ten feet away. But a projectile of that size shot across a small space occupied by three men and followed by a blast of gas and 3800 degrees of heat, is not a pleasant experience. It is, furthermore, a blow to professional pride. The superintendent, therefore, stakes his safety and reputation on his ability to gauge the length of time a box will stand up against the heat. Almost invariably it will be somewhere between twelve and fifteen minutes, but he can run his eye over a casket and predict the moment within thirty seconds, one way or the other, subject to possible revision when he has seen the thin black line of the first crack appear.

There is a period of several minutes after the shuddering of the masonry has died away when nothing can be seen through the peephole. After a time, however, the thick soot inside thins under the heat and visibility returns, imperfectly, like watching an eclipse of the sun through a smoked glass. Here is disintegration, slow and inexorable, the reduction of chemical elements to nothingness in the white oxidation of fire. The effect is as of melting, more sensed than seen through the obscuring flames in which silhouettes come and go,

shrunk smaller at each reappearance. It is a thing to be watched from a detached, impersonal viewpoint, for it is the stuff from which nightmares are easily made.

One hour and fifteen minutes the burners roar — and then fade into silence. A last glimpse through the peephole checks results. The soot has cleared from the glass by now and the interior of the oven is revealed in a diffused red glow, flicked spasmodically with eerie whorls of thin white smoke that curl lazily through the crypt. On the floor is spread an uneven layer of gray ash from which curve upward parts of the skeletal frame, reduced to pure lime ash yet clinging to their shape for a brief time longer, then reluctantly crumbling as the oven cools.

For twenty-four hours the ashes lie undisturbed while the temperature of the surrounding fire brick slowly drops. Ovens are sometimes “broached” in fewer hours, but at the expense of the superintendent’s eyebrows. Even at the end of twenty-four hours the oven is still uncomfortably warm, but the work cannot be delayed longer. Crema-

tories are few in number because of the great construction cost. Even with two or more ovens in a plant there must be no unnecessary delays.

The oven is broached at both ends and a long-handled broom sweeps the ashes through the small rear door. For the most part they are coarse powder of a uniform dull gray, but there are numerous bits as large as a pencil stub that must be pulverized. The ash is spread on a large bread board and the pulverizing is done with a heavy weight. An urn, generally about nine inches in diameter, a foot high, and not unlike a large coffee can except that its top bolts on, receives the ashes and the work is finished. In most cases the urn is of copper, costing about three dollars. Occasionally the urn is of pewter, and in rare instances of silver. Yet whatever the container, there is no difference in the contents. The ash in the ornate silver and the ash in the dull copper are the same pure lime, nothing more, reduced to absolute equality by life’s ultimate common denominator — oxidation.



IN DEFENSE OF COWS

BY KARL W. KAMB

I AM starting a movement to introduce the cow to her proper place in literature. In her being there lies untouched what may be the last pristine opportunity for fiction and character drawing, an unexploited mass of material rife with romance and tragedy, heroism and cowardice, love of life and plain ennui. I am amazed that the cow should have been this long overlooked.

The almost utter absence of the bovine from the song and saga of mankind may be partly traceable to the seemingly phlegmatic nature of her outward disposition. Unlike the horse, her most immediate contemporary in the fields, the cow has been bred toward a utility and a physical equipment so prosaic and ponderous as to offer nothing to the imagination. In every essential she seems to lack — well, speed. It might be said, and with some justification, that the cow is our most obvious domestic animal. On account of her downright plainness, unrelieved by as much as the faintest pretension to individuality,

except as revealed to her intimates, she has been relegated, for literary purposes, to a limbo populated by creatures having no more personality than door knobs. Ungainly of movement, reserved in manner, unresponsive to the rump-slapping, ear-tickling familiarities which pass as signs of amity and kindness between ourselves and our creatures, she has earned for herself a reputation for stupidity and smugness that is totally undeserved.

Her name has come to be synonymous with a contentment that borders closely on imbecility. I think we shall find, however, that this apparent self-satisfaction, this tranquil resignation to whatever episodes each new day may contrive to introduce, is merely a pose, a veneer. A cow is merely making the best of a bad, dull job, and keeping very quiet about it. Underneath her stoicism are to be found the same essential qualities which made the book *Black Beauty* — a fair horse story — sell for years to a number of copies almost challenging the sales of the Bible, and

which qualities, even to this day, at Christmas, bring happiness to the publishers of all dog stories. Had a cow but the ability to shoulder lazily into her master's den, where he sits before an open fire with a book on his knees, and had she but the grace to sink gently on the rug at his feet, rest her muzzle on his slippered instep, and gaze worshipfully upward at him, then there would be no occasion for this peroration. . . .

If you arise at four or five o'clock in the morning, it is cold, even in Spring. In Fall or Winter, the air is bitter until you get in the barn, where the heat of the animals standing all night in the stalls has warmed the whole building. The first thing you do is fill the mangers with new hay. You go from one cow to the next, down the whole row of them, poking mixed timothy and clover under their impatient noses, making certain that you do not accidentally stick them with your pitchfork. The hay is dusty, but sweet and rich, and the long line of cows locked shoulder to shoulder in their stanchions, turn their heads toward you, wide-eyed and anxious—those last envious of the first fed.

Then you get your milking stool and your bucket. You step up to the first cow on her right side and

familiarly slap her on the flank, saying, "Soo, Boss!" or whatever her name may be. You slide the stool to about the right place, sit down with the bucket between your knees and, in the half-light, your hands instinctively go to the two front teats. The fronts are generally longer than the back, and harder to milk. You give a tentative squeeze or two to make certain that the passages are clear and not caked with solidified milk from the night before. If the teats are hard and dry, you moisten them slightly with their own warm milk, and instantly they become soft and pliable. Then you bury your head hard against the cow's flank, your cheek against her belly—she is warm, and the ample heat of her goes down through you and makes you feel warm, too—and away you go.

As the first streams hit the bare bottom of the bucket, it rings like a metal drumhead. A fog of vaporized milk rises from the pail. Soon the bottom is covered. The muscles of your hands and forearms, flexing in a satisfying cadence, recover from the night's stiffness and the initial fatigue. Your hands acquire a second wind, as it were. Then as the pail fills, a thin foam gathers over the hot, fresh milk, growing thicker as the level gets higher. By

the time the bucket is full, the foam is an inch deep and as stiff as meringue.

Meanwhile, Old Boss stands there munching her hay; or, if she is full, stares into space, turning her ears backward and forward as if on hinges. She beats you now and then, absent-mindedly, with the thick rope of her tail, or shifts her hind feet involuntarily, the better to support her weight on the hard plank floor. Occasionally, she sighs. It is a ponderous blowing off through the nostrils that seems to express satisfaction: satisfaction with the flavor and tenderness of the hay, satisfaction with the manner of your milking, and with the friendly warmth of the big, twilit barn. Her digestive processes play a small symphony in your ear, squashed hard against her rounded belly. The bubbling operations in her bowels make you think of her insides in terms of the mechanical fittings of a great ocean-going ship. She gurgles and grumbles; but all to a purpose.

When you are done with her — maybe by this time she is chewing her cud, regurgitating lumps of it the size of your fist from her initial stomach, patiently chewing them once more before dumping them into her second stomach — when you are done with her, and

you have gone over all the teats again with one hand, stripping them down to be sure the bag is emptied, she breathes deeply, a profound sigh of relief. She is glad it is over and her bag is relaxed. Especially if newly fresh, she is glad, for with a full udder she is barely able to walk. This uncomfortable accessory when full is an encumbrance to locomotion. She might as well be astride of a barrel.

Then you turn her out to pasture. She backs out of her stanchion slowly, mindful of her ears. She walks languidly but heavily to the open door. Before easing her body down the ramp into the barnyard, she pauses to sniff the morning wind. If the air is balmy, she strides out firmly, intent on new grass or, perhaps, the watering trough. If there is rain or a cold wind blowing, her head droops and she moves forward into it with slow resignation.

Later in the morning, you may see her again; perhaps when she comes in from the field to drink in the middle of the day. If you have a carrot in your hand, she may take it from you. A cow prefers to eat with her head down. She would rather that you drop the tidbit on the ground, but having learned to overlook your peculiarity, she will

take it reluctantly from your fingers. The expression on her face, smashing a carrot in her strong jaws, rolling the macerated bits of it along her tongue before swallowing, is one of transcendent delight. The faint flavor of wet clay intermingled with the sweet of the vegetable—the serrated scar near the top caused by a rat's nibbling pause at the storage bin—these imperfections mean nothing to her. At each swallow, her ears come forward and her eyes ask you if, perhaps, there is not more for her?

At night, by long habit, she is waiting tranquilly not far from the barn door. She listens with ardent attention to the muffled sound of your footsteps inside the barn, and the swish of hay being pitched into the mangers. As you slide the door back, she moves soberly toward it, knowing you will stand out of her way and not be a bother to her getting inside comfortably and without haste. She goes directly to her own stanchion. Always it is the same one for her, night and morning, day after day, and woe unto any blundering interloper. She will bat the intruder's sides and shoulders with her hard skull until you come over and straighten things out. A cow wants her own place and her own hay.

II

Only in the Spring of the year is the cow downright quarrelsome. This fleeting pugnacity occurs at a time shortly before she is said to be "bulling". In herds, this brief period of self-assertiveness, coming upon a number of the animals at the same time, is the cause of much seasonal confusion. For obvious reasons, the herd sire is permitted but brief association with the members of his harem, and his imminent need is announced by a cumbersome love play that would be a delight to Havelock Ellis, even to the inclusion of the resultant brawling. In a well-regulated dairy, each cow is kept for the sole reason that she produces milk; it is not intended that she confuse this prosaic career by injecting into it the complication of personal affections. Likewise the bull. He is not supported for his pleasure alone. Except as he is wanted for his own peculiar uses, he is kept to himself, penned in a stout enclosure. Among his kind, he is accorded the attention and comforts due a reigning sultan, except that he is denied, perquisites notwithstanding, the titillating intimacies of his own seraglio, other than as permitted under strict supervision.

This condition brings about a

state of near-matriarchy in the administration of the affairs of the herd. The cows, deprived of the leadership of the herd sire, find themselves compelled to elect from among their midst a bell cow, or more accurately, a "boss" cow, to act as a sort of working executive and to occupy a position not greatly different from that of a corporation vice-president. Election is accomplished by means of tournament. The barnyard is the arena. Skulls as hard as sledge hammers are the weapons. The strongest cows meet on common impulse in pairs, squaring off, heads locked together. Sometimes the boss cow's tenure of office is being challenged. Again, it may be merely a bout between white hopes, fighting their way up from the ranks and looking toward a chance to meet the Champ.

For as long as a half-hour, they struggle. Panting and blowing, they spar for an advantage, flat skull against flat skull, legs braced like posts against the sudden thrust of the next strategic flanking movement calculated to be upsetting. They whirl around as if their joined heads were an axis. First one way, then another. Superior endurance, although adroitness counts, generally determines the victor, and the vanquished retires

to a neutral area, invariably propelled by vigorous buttings and proddings from behind. Out of a series of such encounters must arise, ultimately, an undisputed champion—a matriarch to reign as long as she cannot be supplanted or dethroned.

The boss cow's responsibilities are varied. It is her duty, as the reigning Stuyvesant, to regulate the deportment of the herd, bearing down particularly on the heifers that are not yet settled to the ways of life, having calved but once. It is her job to drive any stray dog from the field, challenging him first herself; then, if necessary, with a bellow like a trombone amplified over a public address system, she masses the weight of the herd behind her and they go charging after the mongrel in a thundering phalanx, nostrils distended, hooves flashing, until the enemy, ingloriously routed, scurries under the fence. The boss cow also calls the hour of noon. While the herd is scattered over the field grazing, she keeps her eye on the progress of the sun, having in mind as well the state of her stomach. Its need for the midday's deep drink at the watering trough is as dependable as an alarm.

The watering over, there is, as a rule, a half-hour siesta to be taken

lying down with eyes half-shut in the warm sun, or standing soberly in the shade of the barn, rocking peacefully from side to side, chewing the cud of the partly-digested morning's feed, keeping the tails, like long fly swatters, in constant motion. In due course, the boss cow leads the way once more to pasture, not to return until time for the evening milking.

A cow regulates her day according to heat and light instead of by the clock. The Summer provides long, warm, lazy feeding days; the Winter cold, whipping sleet and wind and tasteless stubble, relieved only by hours spent in the barn, heartened by the easy warmth and nearness of fragrant hay. In Summer, if left to herself, a cow will often overstay her milking hour and not come to the barn until twilight, sometimes as late as nine o'clock — even at the cost of a painfully full bag. She will lag, reluctant to leave the lush grass, and if a collie is sent to fetch her, she will fight, head down and feet flying, until the dog's sharp teeth and loud barking drive her to the barn, where she arrives breathless and out of temper, the sphincters controlling her udder locked in spasms from nervousness. It is nearly impossible to milk her, and the milker damns the cow, the dog,

and his lot; in fact, creation in general, until the tiresome job is done.

In Winter, however, she comes to the barn eagerly. She stands for hours in the deep mud of the lane or in the barnyard, awaiting the sound of the squealing rollers as the door slides open. Her tail is down; her back is to the cold wind; her hide is matted with mud and she lows mournfully from time to time her impatience to be in the warm barn. When the sliding door is drawn, she moves rapidly up the cleated ramp and goes directly to her place. She gratefully shoves her cold nose deep into the hay; or if there is a feeding of grain for her, she dives into it with her muzzle and with uncontrollable eagerness; she flops and flails the cereal with her tongue. The grain gone, she reaches tentatively for the hay. The transition is as from a caviar *canapé* to the *entrée*.

The eating of hay is a slow contemplative business. Taking a mouthful from her portion, the cow, lifting her head, tears the clinging straws from the main tangled mass in the manger. Her tongue acts as an escalator, along which the hay rides gradually upward into the region of her great molars. She chews her hay with the full weight of her jaw. She swings it from side to side, oscillating as

she bites down, so that the coarse, sweet stems are reduced to a man-gled pulp by a single sweep of her molars. She swallows heavily, and reaches for another mouthful.

III

Cows are remarkably healthy animals. They endure extreme cold and rain and, at times, acute heat, with little or no shelter other than their own hides. They survive drought and flood, injury and occasional bacterial infection, with stoic calm. A sick cow is by far more exceptional than common.

When she is ailing, or becomes old and disabled, a cow expects no consideration or relief from her kind. Nor does she get any. A sick cow is butted out of the herd; she is compelled to feed and water alone, on the penalty of a drubbing. Thus ostracized, she either recovers and eventually returns to the herd; or she dies. This is the law of the grass — of the grazing animal. It is the law of the short pasture and the failing water hole. It devolves from the open prairie, the veldt, the steppes. The land is already burdened to provide for the young and the able. Among her-bivora, transportation of grass and water to the ailing is manifestly impossible, as is moving the dis-

abled to better pasture. Among carnivora, contrastingly, a kill may be made a mile away, and the carcass carried to where the mate lies temporarily incapacitated.

But the grass people must snatch their sustenance from the broad earth, ranging widely as they feed. We say of a sick or injured animal that it is "down". We mean exactly that. Down. It is down under some scrub trees or in a thicket, eyes staring fixedly forward, growing thirstier and thinner hourly, losing by fever the energy needed to rise first to its knees, then to its feet; down finally with its head lolling, tongue out, eyes rolling. Alone. The herd has moved on. It is the law of the grass.

The cow has a callow, unresponsive reaction to displays of affection or tenderness. She could never be housebroken in a thousand years; her defection in this regard is notorious and alarming. She may be casually attentive to any master, yet remain singularly unimpressed by and unpreferential toward all. She may be bought and sold every month, passing from hand to hand with unruffled calm. She marks with her eyes only the man on the haystack.

Your love and appreciation of her will be unrequited; yet, if you know her, you will persist in it.

AMERICANA

MASSACHUSETTS

A FORMER mayor of Boston finally decides that the Union is big enough to hold both New England and California:

The Honorable John F. Fitzgerald
Cordially invites you to attend the
"Hands Across the Continent"
Celebration

Monday, April 12, at 2:30 P.M.
NORTHERN AVE. BRIDGE
ENGINE 44

A cask of water from the Pacific Ocean, brought here by "The Great Waltz" Company as a gesture of good will on their coast-to-coast tour, will be poured into the Atlantic. Members of the company will assist in the ceremony.

EXTRAORDINARY effect of the Uplift upon a devoted parent, as advertised in the scholarly pages of the *Boston Traveler*:

THANK GOD FOR ROOSEVELT

His inaugural was an epic! He has no patience with the outworn Republican-Banker bunk about "pay as you go", and "balanced budgets", while humans suffer. His heart and mind are centered on the unemployed; on the underprivileged — the poor. He sets an example for the States. He'll live in history with Lincoln, as the friend of the downtrodden. Let's try here in Massachusetts to emulate him

by spending to help the poor — by hiring — not firing. I feel certain that the golden words of the President must, and will, turn the Administration on Beacon Hill towards following him in actions, rather than in words of praise.

Today, my namesake son goes to the altar with his charming choice. My prayer is that the theme of our great President's utterance may be impressed on his mind so that he'll always emulate him in helping the underdogs, the unfortunates — yes, even what a Boston editorial writer calls "stumble bums" and "ne'er-dowells", in criticizing the President; that he'll always have in mind the words of John Bunyan, as he saw a prisoner walking up to be hanged: "There, but for the Grace of God, goes John Bunyan." May I ask all my friends, those "out there" and those men, women, and boys whom I have aided in the past, to say a prayer that "Dan, Jr., and Peg" may be as happy as his dear mother and I are, after thirty-three years together. Won't you all join in making this a novel gift — a spiritual wedding bouquet?

DANIEL H. COAKLEY

52 Parsons St.

NEW JERSEY

THE MERCURY's favorite poet, the Sweet Singer of Passaic, contributes another gem to the celebrated *Herald-News*:

SILAS MARNER

BY ALMA GOLLER

Silas Marner, with the protuberant
eyes,
Was falsely accused by prevarications
and lies.
His faith in God and man was then
lost

He lost his loved ones whom he loved
most.

Driven from Lantern Yard, he went
to Ravoloe

Where he had neither friend nor foe.
And there he lived in a cottage so old
And spun and spun for the gold.

He would spend nights—the gold
counting

And watch with greedy eyes the way
it was mounting.

Often when the nights were bleak
and cold,

Silas who was very feeble, bent, and
old,

Would go to the fireside where the
money was hoarded,

And the guineas and the rest he hap-
pily sorted.

But one day, alas, as all tragedies
come,

For the world is not a path of roses
all humdrum,

He went to a customer's house and
left open the "Stone Pits".

And when he came back his soul was
torn to bits.

For when he returned his money was
not there!

And when this happened the people
of Ravoloe took him under their
care.

Among the many sympathizers were
Mrs. Winthrop and her son
Aaron.

Who vainly tried to plant a seed of joy
in his soul so barren!

One night when it was snowing and
cold,

He looked by the fireside and thought
he saw his beloved gold.

He went to the fireside and there was
the loveliest of all little girls.

A lovely little one with the most
adorable golden curls.

This little child Silas outdoors led
Where her mother lay frozen and
dead!

He named the child Eppie after his
mother,

And Eppie changed him from one
man to another,

He loved her so much, he would
never with her part,

Not even for gold for she was the
gold in his heart.

Now Eppie has grown and is sixteen
years ahead

Than when Marner first put her to
bed.

An interested neighbor who was
well-to-do

Fixed up the "Stone Pits" that it
looked all new.

This interested neighbor her father
proved to be

And wanted Eppie to live with him
and his wife Nancy.

But Eppie refused and from Silas
would not part

For she loved Silas with all her heart.

OHIO

SHREWD suggestion for improving
the More Abundant Life, offered
by the alert editor of the up-and-
coming Monroe County *Sentinel*:

They say one slot machine nets \$1,000
a year to the owner. Why not furnish
each WPA worker in the county with
a slot machine and let him park it
outside his home where the public
can reach it. A thousand dollars a

year would be furnished to each reliefer; relief burdens would be taken away from the state and county; the gambling instinct of the public would be satisfied; deputies would not be bothered by any more "clean up campaigns"; and Morrow county could get into the news reels for adopting a new government idea.

New addition to American culture, as outlined by the feature editor of the distinguished Cincinnati *Times-Star*:

A howling success your party will be — if you play jolly gestures. With every guest adding his share to the fun, no one can be bored.

Start this side-splitting game yourself with a ridiculous gesture. Stroke an imaginary beard and roll your eyes archly, or pretend to sing with operatic gestures. The person next to you must do just what you did, then go through the motions of pulling taffy, tweaking his nose, or making any other foolish gesture that occurs to him.

The next person must repeat, in the right order, the two gestures which already have been made, and add one he's invented. And so on around the room. Anyone who forgets a gesture or muddles the order is "out". The game goes on hilariously until only one player is left. He wins the furlined cake tin!

PENNSYLVANIA

THE spirit of rugged individualism marches on in the Keystone State, according to the Associated Press:

In Bucks County court, George Cameron protested that Thomas

Barger, 71, wouldn't let the political campaign die. Last Fall, Barger switched from Republican to Democrat. Since then he has been shooting rats in his barn, tossing the carcasses into Cameron's back yard, and shouting: "There's another dead Republican for you!"

TENNESSEE

STARTLING social note in the dignified Murfreesboro *Daily News-Journal*:

Annie M——, who started her career of hustling here, is back for a short time, doing some special work for Uncle Sam.

CONSUMERS' note from the hog and hominy country, according to the Associated Press:

Bacon slices in Tennessee could be no shorter than 1¼ inches or thinner than 1-32d of an inch under provisions of a bill introduced in the Senate today.

"The ingenuity of man," the bill said, "has invented a machine that will slice bacon to such infinitesimal thinness as to make it invisible to the naked eye at a distance of four feet when lying on a white plate."

Fines of \$10 to \$50 were recommended "for any hotel, restaurant, boarding house, lunch stand or dog wagon" which served bacon of less than the minimum dimensions.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS ENGLAND

THE conventionalities are fittingly observed on the straight-laced little

island, according to the esteemed London *Daily Mirror*:

Public conveniences erected in the Abbey for Coronation Day reflect neatly the quaint distinctions of British social life. Those for the male sex will be marked: Peers, Gentlemen, Men; while others will be labelled: Peeresses, Ladies, Women. Spectators will be allowed out of their seats at two-hour intervals, escorted by Abbey officials.

GROWTH of culture in the canine world, as chronicled in the London *Daily Herald*:

A big meeting was held yesterday at the St. James's Place, S.W., headquarters of the Animals' Defense and Anti-Vivisection Society, where Miss Lind-af-Hageby told hundreds of men and women animal lovers that she has met and talked to educated dogs that can talk, count, read, do arithmetic and discuss geography, as well as sum up visitors to their homes. Miss Lind-af-Hageby told stories of dogs, mostly in Germany, that help children with their homework. The world's wonder dog, says this speaker, is Kurnewal, a dachshund owned by a German baroness. He passes remarks about the clothes women wear, and compliments them when he approves of their hats.

MODERN mechanics solves an ancient riddle, according to the distinguished London *Evening Standard*:

Is the story of Jonah and the whale true? The Rev. D. E. Hart-Davies, Rector of St. Thomas's Church, Edinburgh raised this question in a lec-

ture in London today. "Common sense alone," he declared, "suggests that if a man can invent a mechanical submarine capable of preserving 50 men alive, surely it is not difficult to believe that the Almighty could, if He chose, adapt an animal submarine to be capable of holding one?"

GERMANY

THE United Press reports on the progress of *Ersatz* living in the Fatherland:

Germans were exhorted today to chew their food longer and thus aid the Nazi four-year plan of self-sufficiency. The weekly *Das Schwarze Korps*, organ of the crack Storm Troops, recommended this plan, quoting an article by a professor in the periodical *Der Heilgarten*. "Thorough mastication avoids needless waste and payment of unnecessary expenses to foreign countries," wrote the professor.

ITALY

THE birth control movement gets another setback in the land of chi-anti, according to the United Press:

Italians were warned by the semi-official *Giornale d'Italia* today not to taper off their wine drinking lest there be a corresponding decrease in the birth rate. Describing wine as "a moderately exciting beverage" which "creates happy abandonment that favors accentuation of the phenomena essential to vitality", the newspaper pointed out that the birth rate is lowest in countries where wine is not the national drink.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

All The Traffic Will Bear

THERE are signs that the Administration is beginning to commence to get ready to think about economy. The President has spoken of economy in a way that would almost appear to show he means it, although of course one can never judge by appearances with Mr. Roosevelt. On the other hand, congressmen are anxious because the returns from taxation are ominously shy. As they see the situation, either the pet lambs of our bureaucracy must spend less money, or taxes must be raised, and raising taxes in an election year is one of those things that simply will not bear thinking about. Hence congressmen seem to be talking of economy as earnestly as the President talks of it, and while it is normally as unsafe to judge by appearances with congressmen as with the President, the chances are rather more than even that in this instance we may do so. We may believe that both the President and Congress are really interested in making a few motions towards economy because,

as the old proverb puts it, "Needs must when the devil drives", and they are now for the first time facing the disagreeable fact that there is a limit to what the traffic will bear.

All the promptings of political sagacity point that way. Anyone in Mr. Roosevelt's place would like to hold things together until he can stand from under and be safely up the alley before they bust. This is natural, even perhaps commendable. If he did not have sense enough to take this course without being told, the sorry fate of Brother Hoover would suggest it very pointedly, and all the more so when he remembers the fine footwork of the canny Vermonter who gently tiptoed out and left Brother Hoover holding the bag. Brother Coolidge may have had his weaknesses, but myopia was not among them. He could read handwriting on a wall so far off that it was all most people could do to see the wall.

As for the congressmen, it seems pretty clear that they do not feel

under the necessity of eating out of Mr. Roosevelt's hand much longer, or rather they see that his hand has not much left in it to eat. They can no longer count on being swept back into their jobs on the tide of his popularity, but must devise means of their own to keep their fences mended. Probably they are now saying to themselves that whoever is to be the next President it won't be *this* man, and if they want to hold their jobs they had better think up some good persuasive new talking-points to suit the day of reckoning with their constituents. Hence they turn to economy, which is always a good talking-point, and all the better for having been used so little of late that the sound of it will have some of the charm of novelty.

It is all the better also because, with regard to taxation, our people are now hearing so many things that they ought not to hear, and are beginning to ask very inconvenient questions. Reformers like Senator La Follette are all for "making the people tax-conscious" by broadening the basis of the income tax in order to bring in the small fry, or most of them, who are now exempt. This is interesting enough in principle perhaps, but the trouble is that sinful persons, Economic Royalists like the

Northwestern National Life Insurance Company, are spreading the word around that the basis of taxation is pretty well broadened already, and that the small fry who can least afford it are bearing a monstrous and crushing burden of taxation; a burden which is none the lighter or less iniquitous because it is imposed indirectly. Here is a summary of the Northwestern Company's findings, clipped from that notorious Economic-Royalist sheet, the New York *Herald Tribune*:

The \$18-a-week laborer or clerk who owns no property pays \$116 a year in taxes hidden in the prices of the goods and services he buys, or 12 cents on the dollar. The mechanic or minor department head, whose \$150-a-month salary permits the operation of a used automobile, pays \$229 annually (or 12.7 cents on the dollar), even though he owns no other property and is a family man exempt from income taxes. A study covering forty-eight cities shows that on an average, 25.3 cents on the dollar paid in rent goes to cover taxes. The tax load on unused automobile ownership and operation amounts to 20.1 per cent a year. Finally, with consumer purchases of goods and services totaling \$52,000,000,000 in 1936, the estimated total taxes which could be (and therefore would be) included were \$8,122,000,000. This is at the rate of 15.6 cents for every dollar of the consumer's expenditure.

Stuff like this is manifestly seditious, and those who give cur-

rency to it, like the *Herald Tribune*, are no doubt acting wickedly and against God. Yet there the wretched facts are, and there seems no way to keep them properly hushed up. Taken in company with the facts of direct taxation which are equally inconvenient, they seem likely to breed annoyance for congressmen who try any longer to feed their constituents on the Rooseveltian doctrine of Soaking the Rich. These misguided constituents are almost bound to ask whether, for instance, if a propertyless proletarian earning \$936 a year has to pay \$116 in taxes, the New Deal is not more or less of a fizzle.

So as things stand at present, economy—or some very devout talk of it—looks like the safest bet for President and Congress alike. Borrowing yourself out of debt was a great game while it lasted, and the Administration has certainly had a high excessive spree at it. But now that the game is about run out and all hands are throwing sheep's eyes at economy, the question is where to begin economizing. "Relief" can hardly be meddled with; it is here to stay forever as a permanent political asset, because Relief means a whaling lot of votes. A politician who proposed to pry the unconsciona-

ble Mr. Hopkins and his noisome swarm of Uplifters loose from their death-clutch on the public udder would be taking his life in his hands. Hence the taxpayer may make up his mind to cut his loss at that point for the tidy sum of \$1,500,000,000, if no more. The appropriations for armament must stand, for several reasons; one of which is that cutting them would put a crimp in the steel business and allied industries, whose present flourishing condition is the biggest factor in keeping up the appearance of a sound general prosperity. Similarly, every other line of expenditure has a strong political defense; there is not one whose continuance will be determined on its merits alone; and thus we have the interesting spectacle of everybody being strong for cutting down all appropriations except those in which his own political concern is in some way enlisted.

The upshot will no doubt be that we shall see no actual economies effected, but that the present rate of governmental expenditure will be established as the norm. Government will spend no less next year than this year, nor will it ever spend less, but it is unlikely to spend more until some unforeseen contingency arises which will enable it to raise the norm a notch

or two higher. This is the one drop of truth in the ocean of bilgewater that is daily poured out around the phrase "balancing the budget".

II

All this is an old story, so old and commonplace as not to be worth retelling for its own sake, but I have an ulterior object in going over it again. I have often said in these pages—and have been a good deal abused for saying it—that the State's final aim and purpose is to reduce the individual citizen to a condition of involuntary servitude; and the foregoing old story shows precisely how the State proceeds in the execution of its purpose. To begin with, the man who earns \$18 a week, or \$936 a year, is nearly at the subsistence-level, yet the State takes \$116 a year from him in concealed taxes; so he works for the State, at what virtually amounts to forced labor, something over one-ninth of the year. Two friends, a lawyer and an artist, tell me that their federal and New York State income taxes alone—not counting other taxes, direct and indirect—took away one-fifth of their year's earnings; and this means that they each spent about two and a half months in forced labor for the government.

In the same way, by reducing the problem to terms of time and labor, the reader can easily estimate the result in cases involving other taxes, such as those on inheritances, gifts, and the like.

The limit to these exactions of forced labor is always set, as we see it set at the present time, by what the traffic will bear; that is, by the utmost that our jobholders can impose without starting a revolt and thereby losing their jobs. The State always takes advantage of every contingency, especially every general disturbance of the public mind, to increase these exactions; and the greater the disturbance, as in 1929, the greater the increase because the traffic will bear it. Thus the norm of exaction is raised progressively higher as the public mind becomes "conditioned" to each increase; and it is never actually lowered. This political generation, say, finds it normal and natural to work for the State one-fifth of each year; presently, in consequence of some disturbance, another will find it normal and natural to work for it one-fourth of each year; later another, one-third; and so on, until the State achieves its purpose, as in Russia, Italy, and Germany, where everybody works for the State all the time.

Side by side with these confiscations of labor and in order to safeguard them, goes a progressive confiscation of liberty. The State steadily narrows the margin of existence within which the individual is free to act as he pleases. Here, likewise, norms of confiscation are established at the successive limits to what the traffic will bear, and successive political generations are conditioned to those norms. There is no need to go into detail about this, for the two lines of State action are precisely parallel. All the citizen has to do is to compare the

time he now spends per year in forced labor for the State with what he spent ten, twenty, thirty years ago; also to compare the area of existence in which he now moves at will with the area in which he moved at will ten, twenty, thirty years ago. These comparisons will fully justify his belief that the State's final object is to reduce its citizenry to a condition of involuntary servitude, and that its progress toward that object is limited at any given stage only by what the traffic will bear.



DEATH OF A GALLANT GENTLEMAN

BY WITTER BYNNER

How gay he was and quick and sure of life,
With the allotted three-score years and ten
As lightly laid on him as on his wife —
Gallant, alert, as twenty younger men!
Now, with the suddenness of deathly news,
He has dismissed the network of his nerves
And all the little ecstasies we use:
Now a dull wax has come upon the curves
Of flesh and manhood and their need of us.
Quiet he lies, impartial, rid of pain,
Aristocratic and luxurious,
And will not know whether it shine or rain,
For weather has become within his eye
Only indifference to when we die.

THE BOOK PREVIEW

GAMBLER'S LUCK¹

BY EDWARD HARRIS HETH

CHARLEY heard the melodious melancholy whistling from boys' lips, carrying far on the Autumn air. He liked the cool, pungent air yet was hardly aware of it, never noticing the dark wind pressing against the shop windows with a dull howl. Sometimes he thought a fleck of snow stung his face but knew there wasn't a possibility, snow in September. The emptiness of the streets and dark rush of wind brought him close to himself; but he was frightened. The trolley rails glowed from the arc lights and stretched up the hill, taut wires to the Lake beyond. He heard the clang of a trolley but didn't glance up. He didn't even know what time it was. When he grew suddenly aware how he had his hands dug into his pockets he took them out, thinking he must look like a tramp, and let them dangle at his sides but feeling then that he didn't know what to do with them. The repeated melodious whistling of boys hidden on sidestreets was comforting. He ought to go home. Only he knew he'd go crazy if he went home. He took a coin from his pocket to help him make up his mind and flipped it onto the back of his hand but only stared at it unseeing, thin and silver surrounded by the fine black hairs of his wrist — he flinched, and the coin dropped from his hand, making a ringing hum as it dropped to the cement and circled and finally lay still.

He picked it up again without looking to see whether it was heads or tails and put it back in his pocket. He thought of about ten different places he might go, knowing there wasn't any place he wanted to go. He didn't want to drink or see anyone. (It was the way he felt often, satisfied only to be alone and taking strength from the loneliness.) When the streetcar ground by and clanged its bell because just then he was crossing the street and was in its path, he stepped backward but not hastily. He didn't feel any alarm. He caught the motorman's twisted, irritated face through the window and felt his heavy-shoed foot insistently stomping on the bell. But by the time he had crossed the street, stopping to look in a men's clothing store window at the

¹ Excerpt from the new novel, *Any Number Can Play*, to be published this Fall by Houghton Mifflin.

brightly-striped silk shirts with soft white collars, he had already forgotten the streetcar that almost hit him. He kept the wry, distant smile on his mouth, looking at the expensive shirts; he snorted abruptly, walking away, beginning the walk again that had kept him moving all evening.

He had full lips, but lean, pallid cheeks and eyes that were restless and piercing. The wind that had sprung up, crisp and black with Autumn, bit at the back of his neck so that he hiked his shoulders. The lights of the city streets, the lights he loved but always wishing they were brighter, shone clear in the transparent night and put a dark sheen on the long streets — he had found his way to the new Grand Avenue, crowded with theaters and department stores, restaurants and hotels, and now the after-theater crowd pouring from the "Crystal" where they had seen Eva Tanguay, their faces still flushed with reminiscence, yellow in the lights from the canopy. He elbowed his way through, not paying attention how he pushed or bumped. Beyond the canopy where the crowd thinned out again almost to desolateness, only the long trolley rails and still-lighted store windows shining down the Avenue, the wind pushing on his hot face, he stopped to light the cigarette he had been carrying cupped in his hand for he did not know how long. All these people he did not know welled past him from the emptying theater. He tossed away the match and cigarette and walked again.

At the "Elmwood" where the Negro doorman let him in swiftly without any question but a fleet, anxious-to-please smile, he found the same men he had left only an hour or two ago, not so many of them in the low room with its corrugated tin ceiling yet the room looking crowded with its smoky haze, the crap table and poker tables, the men with hats pushed back on their heads. "Bingham," one of the men at the poker table said, glancing up from under his green eyeshade and unconcernedly glancing down again, fingering the tall stack of chips in front of him. "Back again?"

The men greeted him with amused, friendly silence. Save for the professional gamblers, they were mostly salesmen, clerks, laborers. They all had their coats off. He blinked his eyes because of the glare of the white-topped tables shining radiant under the green-shaded, hanging lamps in the dingy room. At the crap table the keeper kept droning — "There you are, gentlemen. . . . Six is the numbah — bet she do! . . . bet she don't! . . ." — in his dull, falsely-excited voice, tending the game himself since so few men were playing. He glanced up when he saw Charley come back again and good-naturedly waved to him.

They asked Charley whether he wanted to sit in the poker game. He refused the shot of whisky they offered him but pushed his hat back on his head and straddled a chair, saying he might as well sit in the game awhile.

There was a dusty, dead smell in the room that made him pinch his nostrils. But as he straddled the chair and paid for his stack of chips, he felt himself grow more alive, the expectancy in him, the something of wild hope and chimera mixing with his blood and making his face less pale but his eyes sharper with the mute frenzy. The men grated their chairs sideways to make room for him. They looked at him with sly amusement. "So you can't keep away from it, can you, Charley?" Magglioni, a big oily Italian that Charley liked, kept grinning with a cigar bobbing between his thick, rubbery lips. "Sure, Charley, whad'daya scared for? — dis happen before, dis happen every day da year! Cheer uppa!" A couple of the men began making dirty jokes about the way he felt.

"I'll open," Charley said.

He won the first pot, about eighteen dollars, and felt still better. The poker players laughed with brusque good-nature and the men watching, wound in cigar smoke, half-lost in the darkness above the radiant white light spilling on the card table, chuckled and shook their heads at Bingham winning the first pot right off. Horseshoe Bingham, there was no other name for him. Within a few minutes more men were standing behind his chair than behind any other, tight-lipped and sullen but snorting each time he raked in a pot. From the crap table the keeper called over cheerfully, "Bingham breaking you boys again?"

II

The telephone rang. Charley jerked up his head so quickly the blood drained from his face. He knew it couldn't be for him because no one knew he was there, yet it seemed an endless time before the porter sauntered over to answer it, then went softly humming to himself toward the keeper so that the keeper had to ask one of the help to tend the crap game, raking in the bets or else paying off as he frowned and went himself to answer the 'phone. But it wasn't for Bingham. From the corners of their eyes the poker players smilingly watched Charley as the keeper hung up and returned to the crap game. As he walked by the poker table he winked at Charley, then glanced in amusement at the other men.

They were all having a good time out of it — it made him feel a little better, that they could enjoy it so. But when he took out his thick gold watch and snapped open the cover with his initials CB engraved in a swirl of filigree, he saw it was only twenty past twelve. He put the watch back and got up to go to the telephone himself, feeling sickly taut as he dropped in the nickel, calling up home where he knew he ought to have been all along. The phone

rang incessantly, a hollow, faraway ring, before it was answered; when he heard the voice at the other end, it was Mrs. Dohmaier from next door, who had promised all along to help. In her fat, genial, encouraging voice she told him nothing had happened yet. But Gerda, his wife, was all right. He said hoarsely that he'd be home soon and rang off, and felt more sickly nervous than before.

Though he never drank much, he took a swig of the whisky they offered him again as he returned to the table, making more dirty jokes with low grating laughter as they watched him take a long drink. He put down the bottle with a soft thud. They were surprised when he cashed in his chips, forty-some dollars winner — it was not a big winning but he had won sixty-odd the time he was in a few hours ago and thirty more the first time he came in that evening at nine o'clock. He could even laugh as he took the money from the keeper of the game, a quiet, gratified laugh that gave him pleasure and made the keeper smile back wryly but cluck his tongue and call him a lucky bastard. "Drop in again, Horseshoe," the keeper said. "We got a little more cash you could carry away with you. Have another drink before you go?"

The something young and world-beater in him, as well as his luck and the decency too, made most of the players watch him as he went out. One of the men jumped up and asked whether he didn't want a little company, a brusque solicitousness in his voice, but Charley said no. The doorman in his frayed shirt and dirty greenish suspenders grinned and said, "Hook 'em again, suh?" shaking his head in disbelief, and got a dollar bill for it as Charley passed through the doorway, surprised how gusty and chill it was in the hall.

Outside the streets were empty, only the trolley rails shining nakedly down toward the river and the Lake beyond. His footsteps clacked hollow and vibrated in a great chill circle around him as he kept walking, his collar turned up, beginning to think about his wife and knowing he ought to go home but unable to make himself go. He knew it wouldn't be over yet and didn't want to get home until it was, having gone through it before — it frightened him; the wrenching, convulsive pain he knew she was having, and himself unable to do anything about it. He felt suddenly a fierce, heavy joy thinking about it; yet he could not shake the hunted feeling away. The bright-lighted shop windows on the Avenue with nobody to look at the ghostly dummies wearing expensive fur coats, tailored suits, decapitated heads sporting big, women's hats burdened with birds and sheaves of wheat and fruit, made the street more desolate, all the ghostly dummies watching through the plate-glass windows at nothing but the wind whisking down the Avenue. It gave him the feeling of being watched from behind. It was the same stabbing loneliness the night

woods had given him on his father's farm, ten years ago, coming home from town or from courting one of the Plumm girls, always terrified of the luminous witchballs, suspended on his path through the dead, heavy woods, the phosphorescence rising from a dead stump. It always chilled his blood, a desperate excitement shaking him. He laughed curtly to himself, his full lips curling away from his sharp, narrow teeth, recalling his terror and then the Plumm girls, how he and his older brother had courted them, it never mattered which, each taking whichever girl he came upon first when he reached the Plumm farm and the other taking whichever was left, the girls stolid and silent and not caring either.

On his father's farm was a spring that had been running forty years. He longed to see the spring, the horses on hot, stuporous days lifting their dripping manes from the trough and fixing him with round, slumbrous eyes as he waited to lead them back to the field. Thinking of the spring, the white house with its lightning rods and the cool grove, the grove with its bumpy green floor, made him long to be back there, forgetting how all his life on the farm he had dreamed of getting away from it. It only made the hunted emptiness deeper. In this city were all the steeples, bridges, lights, traffic, he had wanted to escape to, but this one night he did not know where to go. He dug his bitten hands into his pockets and felt better, circling his fingers around the roll of bills he had won. On the corner he watched an owl-car grind by. He thought half-heartedly of catching it, but instead turned into the enormous "Palm Garden", where he heard the thick sound of voices and warm, nestling laughter.

He never ceased marveling at the thousand, shining, silver dollars cemented in the floor of the immense "Palm Garden", the heavy bronze chandeliers with crinkly glass shades, the hundreds of stiff palms in tubs. He loved everything splendid — it softened him into a feeling of luxury. He stood at the bar. Only a few people remained, a handful lined against the bar and a group sitting far in the rear, near the deserted orchestra stand, drinking wine, an accordion player sitting half-way at their table and indolently picking out tunes they drunkenly called to him. The bartenders were wiping up, noisily stacking glasses in the metal basin, putting corks on liquor bottles. Charley didn't know why he had come in; he didn't want a drink, though for a moment the sound of laughter and thick warm voices was comforting; he rubbed his toe softly over one of the silver dollars cemented in the floor without glancing down at it — absently he could feel the round outline, the face worn shiny-smooth from the hundreds of feet nightly walking over it. When he stepped to the bar, three of the seven bartenders looked up to smile at him fleetingly. Already all the bartenders in the city were beginning to know and

recognize him. Earlier in the evening they would have grinned, spoken to him eagerly, beginning to know he was a big spender though he drank little himself. Now since it was almost closing time they only smiled.

He ordered a whisky but did not drink it, tossing down a paper bill and not bothering to pick up the change. He craned his neck to glimpse himself in the mirror behind the bar and caught his face between all the bottles, surprised that it was so drawn and white, the eyes pitchy black. When he looked at his watch again he was surprised that it was only a half-hour since he had last telephoned home. He turned from his watch back to the mirror and watched his own narrow face so intently, as though it were another face, he never even noticed someone standing behind him; he flinched when he felt his shoulder tapped.

It was Breck, one of the men from the "Elmwood" club. "High-hatting your friends?" he asked. He had a toothy smile that cracked his face into a hundred wrinkles even though he was young, about the same age as Charley, thirty or thirty-one. Charley always got the feeling from Breck that he was homeless, likely to vanish or appear any moment. He didn't know whether Breck was his first or his last name. He always wore ties and socks and handkerchiefs that matched and had a good diamond on his little finger, but his long, chinny face gave him the look of a grizzled old man.

"I didn't see you," Charley said.

"Is that the truth, now?" Breck said with a grin. "How about stepping down the bar with me? I got some friends with me from Chicago. They want to meet you." They went down the bar where two middle-aged men, dressed flashily like Breck, turned to Charley with hesitant smiles. One of the men, half drunk, had his eyes nearly shut, his face veiled in bluish cigarette smoke. "I'd like you to meet these two friends o' mine," Breck said. "Sy Barker, Smokey Joe. Here's the Charley Bingham I been telling you fellahs about."

Smokey Joe, never stopping puffing on his cigarette, jerked his head backward with a thin smile, inviting Charley to have a drink.

"No thanks," Charley said. "I got one standing."

Breck put an arm around him, as though they were close friends. He never dropped his toothy smile. "Come on, Charley — stick around with us. I tell you what, boys, this is one of the finest little poker players you ever laid eyes on. Horseshoe Bingham, we call him."

Sy Barker turned his unfriendly face to Charley. "How about dropping up to the hotel room, have a little game?"

Charley didn't know whether they were trying to rook him or not, but he had a way of catching on to that easily. He was still frightened of gambling

— yet already he was learning the tricks, always on the lookout. Breck's friends from Chicago had a snivelling, hard-boiled air that he didn't like. Nevertheless he wanted to play with them. He pulled out his watch again.

When Smokey Joe saw the watch, he turned to Barker as though Charley weren't even there. "He's going to tell us he's got to get home to bed."

"You don't say so," Charley said.

"I tell you what, boys," Breck grinned. "Let's get the game started. I got a itch, I'd like to get some cards in my hands."

"Coming?" Smokey Joe asked, through the veil of smoke.

Abruptly Charley snorted — he suspected then that Breck's friends weren't even good players, relying on every kind of slick device; he noticed the highly-polished signet ring on Sy Barker's finger, not even monogrammed, its surface perfect for reflecting cards as they were dealt. "No thanks, boys," he said, and shook his head. His mouth curled in sick contempt as he walked away, not saying good-bye to the Chicago men but shaking Breck's hand. The bartender, seeing him walk out, went swiftly to where his drink was standing and picked up the change he'd left lying there.

Then, outside again, he noticed for the first time how empty the streets were. When he passed Child's he thought of going in to get something to eat, but as soon as he thought of food his stomach churned; he was hungry, yet the aching hollowness seemed to fill him beyond food. Breck and the Chicago boys had made him surly, their oily talk and over-eagerness to get him up to a hotel room, so dead certain of rooking him. He chuckled, thinking of them, and felt less restless. He lifted his head from the flinty sidewalk and took a heavy draught of the cold, freezing air, smelling of wood-smoke — it was the crisp odor of the nights at home, years ago. He didn't know where he wanted to go, so when he got to the corner he paused, turned around, and thought he would go back anyway and get Breck and his smart friends, he'd trim them a little. But when he passed Child's again he stopped and simply stood on the sidewalk, looking listlessly inside at the few customers sitting at the harsh, white tables. The light from inside, falling on his drawn face, made him look yellowish. A girl sitting alone at one of the tables saw him staring quietly through the window and smiled at him, slowly stirring her spoon round and round in the big, saucerless cup. When he noticed her smiling, he jerked quickly away and at last decided to go home.

But just as he got to the corner where he expected to catch the one o'clock owl-car he saw it grinding away, already a block past. He couldn't see a jitney-bus anywhere. Suddenly wanting to get home desperately, he thought of walking it but at once knew he wouldn't, that was already ten years behind him, the days when he might walk five or six miles, easily. Then he was

snared; he snorted to himself. The stillness of the streets only made the night bleaker. The sidestreet where he stood had no lighted shop windows, only the dim glow from the Avenue flowing icily toward him from the corner. He had an hour to wait for another streetcar; he thought again of returning to the "Palm Garden" to look for Breck. Instead he turned abruptly into the biting wind that stung his eyes and headed over the river, toward the Lake, crossing the black-veined, narrow, iron bridge with its red and purple and green lights, its hollow echo like distant thunder, its glimpse of many more bridges to the right or left, like great black spectral images of itself, the glossy river below, lined on either side with breweries and warehouses, dim against the sky; and crossed the empty, gloomy-sounding bridge to Sarah Johnson's.

III

As soon as he entered the elegantly-carved hallway he confronted himself in a great mirror with ornate, golden lights above, and saw himself drawn, unkempt, hectic. It made him shy, seeing himself so ratty. All the front he could put up before someone like Breck, vanished here in Sarah's house. Through the doorway he could see her, sitting on a plush divan behind the crystal fountain she had bought at the World's Fair in '94. On either side of her was an elderly man, both in evening dress like Sarah, her dress dark blue with a high full bust and clusters of diamonds like grapes at her ears. He never believed himself, here. He grew timid, half-angry with himself, grew over-cautious as he stood near the fountain, always fearing his slightest movement would shatter it to a million, crushed prisms on the tile floor. The room was heavily decorated, red and green and bright blue and gold mosaic, with monstrous pierced-brass chandeliers that gave off a dim light. He loved the splendor. He shook his head at the gilt chairs, the lavishly-dressed girls, the Pompeian pool in which he'd never been, the enormous marble mantels. It made him feel rich. As he entered the room one of the girls passed him, sweet with perfume; she flushed deeply when she saw him. Under her thin dress, breathing her nakedness, her body seemed to stiffen. "Well, if it isn't Horseshoe," she smiled, with a thin, uneasy carelessness. Under her hard face, she seemed awkward. Then he himself felt clumsy and humble, and recalled the vision of himself in the hallway mirror, so unkempt and frantic-looking. He gave her a little laugh but already she had gone past him to the divan where Sarah sat, to be introduced to one of the elderly men waiting for her, who coughed and smiled with a pink, unctuous Hapsburg lip and led her away, perhaps upstairs, probably first to the ballroom, the

room that was exactly like some ballroom in a castle he'd never heard of before in a town he knew nothing about named Versailles. Sarah was alone with the other man, but as soon as she recognized Charley she rose to come toward him, her tiny lips parted. She was very small, already over forty.

He liked Sarah, because she always made him feel bigger than he really was. He thought her a lady, despite her morals — generous, big-hearted, immensely rich; someone he liked to watch from a distance. "I'll be god-damned, Charley," she said. "What's the matter — you get lost?" As she came toward him her dress was not so shimmering, but the many diamonds did not lose their brilliance. She liked to rib him, with the brusque good nature of one man to another. She prodded her slim finger against his stomach. "Don't tell me you're breaking down, Charley? — out after a girl? If I thought so, I'd drop dead." He heard the soft lust-awakening music from the small orchestra in the ballroom.

He laughed shyly. "I just dropped in —"

"That's luck for you," she said, still with her cajoling tinkle of laughter. "Here half the girls are ready to give it to you free. Ain't you the handsome son-of-a-gun, though?"

Then his full lips pursed in the lazy, vague smile that made him seem so aloof. "Where's Jake?"

"A house full of girls, and he asks for Jake!"

He never really believed all he saw there, the spending, the champagne, the girls getting hundred-dollar tips from men who had come all the way from New York or San Francisco to this house, brighter even than any in Chicago, Senators, actors, up-State lumbermen, hotel men, a Cabinet member, local judges that Sarah said were the worst spenders. He knew Sarah through her husband Jake, whom he had met in the small saloon near the City Hall that Jake kept as a blind for Sarah's big house. He supposed Jake was somewhere in the back, fooling around with the girls but never trying anything. Once Jake had been a road-show producer, until he met Sarah; now he liked to watch the girls, parading in their fashionable, inviting dresses. Being with Sarah and Jake made Charley feel big-time; and Sarah knew about Charley's wife and never tried to sell him one of the girls. All the girls liked to have Charley around because they didn't take him for a sucker, but one of their own kind. And when he had it, he spent well. What neither Sarah nor Jake nor the girls knew was that daytimes, Charley was a house painter.

Her hair piled on top of her head, a rose stuck in the side, Charley thought she was really pretty. The man Sarah had left sitting alone on the divan pursed his lips and kept clinking his fingernail against the gold watch chain

festooned over his middle, his dreamy eyes on the tile floor. Charley lighted a cigarette and with the match cupped in his hands, nodded his head toward the impatient, scowling man. "I guess I'm keeping you — someone's waiting for you, Sarah."

"Never mind him," Sarah said. "Maybe he'll spend five bucks. He'll stay all night and try to get a free breakfast thrown in." Her small lips broke into a smile again, bringing a hundred minute wrinkles like insects' feet on sand on her rouged cheeks. She became serious. "You want to see Jake?"

"Not especially." Then again, he didn't know why he had come. His restlessness made him icy. "I guess I better set up a little. Give a couple of the girls some champagne."

Sarah sent one of the stewards for champagne, but touched her well-kept hand to Charley's coatsleeve. "You don't have to —" and took the ten he handed her. She faced him again with her high, childish laughter. "How's the Mrs.?" she asked. He looked at her blankly, and did not answer. His blood pounded inside him. He tried to take his eyes away from Sarah and watched through the thick portieres into the small, dimly-lighted front room as the bucket of champagne was sent in to the girls. Three of them sat waiting to be called, smoking, smoothing their evening dresses before the monstrous Grecian mantel. He knew it was only fizz water — in the morning each of the girls would get a rake-off. One of the girls, a mountain of flesh in white satin with peroxide hair, leaned forward to peek past the portieres and thank Charley for the drink, beckoning for him to join them. "Hey, slicker, come on have some o' this fizz water you set up," she called in her husky, grinning voice. The girls didn't mind letting him know it was only fizz water. He saw one of the other girls peering out. She was a mulatto, with a dark, glowing skin. "Come on, Charley, you might as well be drunk as the way you are," she said throatily. The fat one pushed her back with her puffy hand, as though she didn't want her interfering. But she was laughing, a husky, shaking, unsounded laugh. "Those bitches," Sarah said. Charley only raised his hand fleetingly and half-smiled but didn't join them. He never answered Sarah's question about his wife — it was the other part of his life. It was the same way he did not want them ever to find out he was a house painter.

"Why don't you go sit with the girls awhile?" Sarah asked.

He heard her ask the question like someone far away. He was breathing heavily, drowsily inhaling the thick, moist perfume that came from her dress. He felt himself go numb; Sarah's face tipped sideways — she was leering at him; he heard the girls in the front room fighting. "You dirty liar — Francis X. Bushman wouldn't take a second look at a fat slob like you. . . ." "Oh, so a nigger dares tell me I'm a prevaricator. Let me alone.

I got my pride." "You big wad of putty. . . ." He didn't know why he kept laughing so.

He was slumped in one of the heavily-carved chairs in a private room. The chair had a red velvet canopy and a bunch of aigrettes waving above it. He was alone, save for Sarah bending over him with a glass of champagne. As soon as he opened his eyes, everything swam sickeningly, the stewardess just going out the door, the little gilt chairs swinging like pendulums against the brocaded wall until abruptly everything cleared and he felt fine again, only weak. He laughed feebly. "What'd I do?" he asked.

"You keeled over," Sarah said. "I seen it happen here before, but never expected you to be pulling it. I seen it often here. Every once in a while we get some buck in here who keels dead away, first glimpse he gets of a naked girl."

"I didn't see no naked girl."

"I guess you didn't." She kept patting his icy hand, her rouged cheeks cracked in her high laughter, her grape-earrings flashing a thousand sparkly chinks in his face. "You feel fine, now? I'm not asking what's on your mind —"

He said nothing.

"O. K. You feel fine, don't you? Keep sitting here awhile. I got to go back to that Judge from Menasha in there." From the other room they heard the up-State judge coughing and violently clearing his throat.

After Sarah excused herself, Charley sat there alone with his head in his icy hands. He was thinking he'd wait a few more minutes to clear his head and then catch the next owl-car. Again he felt shaky with wanting desperately to get home and then felt sudden, sick remorse at not having been home all along. (He smiled, thinking what Gerda's sisters would have to say about it.) In the ballroom behind the closed door he heard the faint, illicit-sounding music come to an end. The door opened softly. He glanced up, ashen-faced. "Hello, Ada."

"Sarah said you weren't feeling good. I thought I'd look in. You drunk?"

"Me?" he grinned.

"I thought maybe the world was coming to an end. How should I know? Every once in a while you seem human." She wasn't smiling. She spoke dryly, with a deep quiver in her voice that wasn't pleasant to listen to, probably because of the sullen grate in it. It was the same girl who had passed him with such a flushed, awkward smile when he first came in.

He looked at her sheepishly. "Where's your friend?"

She nodded backward toward the ballroom, still with the same solemn quiver on her long face. Her swarthy hair was combed back tightly to make

her look Spanish, though he knew she came from Joliet, Illinois. It made him feel sorry for her, the dry indifference she pretended. The first time he met her he was scared and gravely impressed, the way he had felt frightened when Jake introduced him to Sarah and the other girls and all the splendor. Jake always said Ada could have played a Theda Bara part. Yet as soon as Charley got to know her he discovered the timidity, and bitter uneasiness. She had large, melting, frightened eyes. She sat down on the arm of his chair and picked up a blue satin pillow with a photograph of Sarah printed on it, bare-bosomed save for a veil of tulle and an enormous rose between her breasts. She played her long fingers through the fronds of blue tassel on each corner. She began smoking, letting the ashes drop down on Sarah's face, then flicking them off with a brush of her hand. Her nakedness, under the thin dress, was close to him. "It's cold down here, isn't it?"

"I'll be getting along now, I guess. I feel fine."

"What's the hurry?" she asked, in her quivering, dark voice.

"Your friend'll be hunting for you. He can't dance with himself." She reached over and put her cigarette to his mouth and let him draw on it deeply and then reached behind the chair to flick the ashes. They exploded softly against the heavy velvet of the canopy and clung in grayish flecks. When she drew back her arm she let it curl around him. He began laughing and sat slightly forward, in a way that made her flinch, her eyes going sullen. "You'd better get back to your rich friend," he said.

The music started again hazy and provocative in the ballroom. It was *Rustles of Spring*. Ada took his arm. "Listen, Charley," she said swiftly. "Come upstairs with me for a minute, will you? Sarah won't get sore." Her face had a grotesque anxiety on it, and suddenly she looked pathetically plain, her swarthy hair seeming no part of her. "Just for a minute."

"Now don't get phenomenal."

"No, really, Charley — just for a minute. I want to show you something."

"Show me what?"

"Well, just come along." She frowned, jumping to her feet. He laughed at her, to cover his awkwardness. It was the aloof, untouchable laughter she hated. "You think you're so damn superior," she said.

Then he said he'd go up for just a minute. They left by the side door so as not to run into Sarah, out to the elegantly-carved hallway, the carpeted, inviting steps. When they got to her room she shut the door swiftly and before his eyes could grow accustomed to the rosy light, the gilt mirror and wide velvet bed and heavy carpet, she had curled her arms around him, leaning on him so heavily that he stumbled a step backward against the door. But then her body only leaned against him harder, all her foreign-smelling

perfume welling into his face. "Say, what's going on," he said, not very loudly.

She looked up at him, her face dead white under the powder and rouge. "It won't cost anything if you want to," she said.

He tried to laugh. "Say, I'm a married man."

"I suppose all those other guys downstairs aren't," she said, nastiness coming into her voice.

She excited him but he pretended again to laugh and pushed her a little away from him. He reached in his trouser pockets and brought out a roll of bills, peeling off a twenty. "Here, you take this," he said. He wanted to laugh then at the black, oily hair making her look so Spanish and the sleek dress showing her nakedness beneath, but her face so white and somber.

"Don't say anything to Jake or Sarah, will you?" she said. She was shaky. She took the twenty and folded it into a roll no thicker than a pencil and dazedly put it down the slit of her dress between her breasts, without once looking at it. She kept stuporously staring at a button on his vest with her red mouth a little open. "You're the strangest guy I ever saw," she said, and suddenly turned to go to her dressing table, spraying on more of the thick, heady perfume, tucking her skin-tight black hair a little tighter under the comb in the knot at the back. When she came back she had more color, but she still smiled at him wanly. "Do you think I'm a horse's rosette?" She lit a cigarette. "You're so damn superior. Oh, Jesus!" she said.

IV

As soon as he got out of Sarah Johnson's he forgot all about her, feeling the smashing wind freshen him, stinging his eyes damp. On the black span of bridge he halted to lean against the iron railing and look beneath him to the softly-gurgling, tarnished river, then up to the other bridges, the faint red and blue and purple lights and the far-reaching, girded framework, the barely-visible steeples and towers and overhead the opaque dome of cloud. But he felt trivial, standing on the bridge. It made him uneasy. He started off quickly and as he turned again into the pommelling wind, got a fleck of dust in his eye. It stung like acid and spun tiny red and white dots on his eyelid. He tried getting it out by rubbing the other eye, tried using the corner of his handkerchief but neither helped. Then he had to run blindly with one hand clamped over his bloodshot, streaming eye to catch the owl-car.

He sat there pale and dizzy, dead tired, the fleck in his eye burning torturously. A pair of workmen boarded the incredibly slow-moving car and thought he was crying; they embarrassed him by stealing glances from the

corners of their eyes. Finally one of them leaned over, still smelling of smoke and something puttyish. "You got some drouble?" he asked. He had a stubby, brushlike moustache twitching when he talked. "Something in the eye," Charley said. "Oich, thad kin hurd blendy," the workman said. "Maybe I kin ged id oud?" While the other craned forward to watch anxiously with his round, friendly eyes, the workman came to the seat in front of Charley. He leaned on both knees and with his clumsy, cracked hand took Charley's handkerchief and made him roll his eye. They were alone on the car. "Try rubbing the other eye," the motorman called from up in front. "I did," Charley said. He didn't know whether the workman had done any good or not but he kept the damp handkerchief pressed to his eye and half-way home the blinding pain abruptly stopped, seeping away ecstatically and leaving him limp, but blissful. At his corner he waved to the two workmen and nodded to the motorman; he got off holding his hand over his eye to shield it from the black, punching wind.

He walked two blocks down the empty, cold street. As soon as he turned the corner he could see the lights burning. He felt panicky again and ran the last block, dropping his hand from his eye.

The house was small and narrow, of wooden frame, with walls from which the paint peeled, and a four-foot strip of garden along one side. Going up the three steps to the cubicle of porch he caught the dry, rubbery odor of the bushes alongside the house, sap-drained for the Winter. They rattled hollowly. He trembled as he put the key in the lock. The house had electricity, but only a kerosene lamp burned in the small parlor. Then the first thing he saw, on entering the house, was the door of the front bedroom opening, the room where his two daughters slept, and in the doorway the elder, seven-year-old Eleanor, in her nightgown a little too short for her and her bare chubby feet on the cold floor. Her dark hair fell straight to the tiny, flannel frill around the shoulders of her nightgown. She stared at him with fright and perplexity in her round eyes. Her face was white. Then he felt something confusedly reminiscent in her stare; quickly he flicked his own eyes away. "What are you up for?" he asked. But she kept looking at him accusingly, with something so grotesquely old in her child's face. Her small mouth was tightly shut. It made him uncomfortable. The sullen, brooding eyes reminded him of Ada. "What's the matter?" she asked. Then her voice was grotesquely high and piping, so false to the maturity on her face. "Who said something's the matter? You get to bed. What's wrong with you, barefooted out of bed? Skiddoo!"

But she kept her burning eyes on him. She flung her arms around him leechlike so that he had to pry them off. After she had got back in bed and let

him pull the quilts over her, whispering so as not to wake the younger child, he yanked his necktie loose and returned to the parlor, so dimly fragrant with warm kerosene oil. He was frightened by the stillness of the house, as though it were vacant. There was little heat; he shivered from the chillness just as Mrs. Dohmaier came into the parlor. At the same time his glance fell on the doctor's coat and hat laid on one of the chairs.

"I thought I heard someone come in," Mrs. Dohmaier said. She was comforting, so fat and tired-looking with wisps of her black hair loose over one ear but her flabby mouth smiling. At once he knew everything was all right. She made him coffee on the kitchen stove and brought it to him in the parlor, shuffling in her carpet slippers, drippings down the side of the cup but strong, rich-smelling coffee. He stayed in the parlor and watched through the darkened dining room to the bright-lighted kitchen, as though he were not allowed out of the room, not into that part of the house which tonight was the women's part. In the light from the oil lamp he could see the thin, dark fuzz over Mrs. Dohmaier's upper lip. Her willing and encouraging eyes were half shut with sleepiness, but she kept finding things to do, making him comfortable and bringing him a second cup of coffee, with the spilled grounds wiped off the side of the cup. "So, it's hardest on the Mr., ainna, Sharley?" she said. "My Fritz, allas the same way. Ach, you men — why don't you take off the hat and stay awhile?" She kept trying to cheer him up until he felt grateful for having such a neighbor, but wished she would go away.

He was praying. Sitting slumped in the Morris chair, he kept waiting for cries from the bedroom but none came. Then he was terrified. After a while Mrs. Dohmaier left the parlor and stayed away for half an hour and then returned with a sly grin on her big, flabby, friendly mouth. "Well, now you got something plenty on your hands!" she said.

"You don't say so," Charley said, feeling all the life suddenly pour violently back into him.

"I sure do. He's a boy."

"You don't say!" He forgot all about praying then and watched nervously until the doctor came out, gathering up his coat and hat and leaving. Mrs. Dohmaier stayed to do what she could, looking at the clock to see exactly what time the baby was born, joking about it, till at last she went home, saying she'd send her daughter Effie over instead, first stealing fifty cents and a car check from Gerda's purse on the sideboard in the dining room.

Charley went into the bedroom. Gerda had her eyes shut but when he tiptoed into the room she opened them, looking at him as though she wanted to laugh but was too tired. He felt boorish. The first, icy dawnlight that later

would ripen to the hard sunny glare of September, came through the bedroom window and lit up her plump arms, the full but now pallid face, her long, light-colored hair tangling over the pillow. She was too exhausted to speak but opened and shut her big warm hand for him to take. "Was it bad?" he asked. She shook her head, again looking as though she wanted to laugh but was too tired. Her lips were sore and chapped, her eyes had a drained, humble look. For a moment he nearly grinned at her, but then knelt on the floor beside the bed and threw his arm over her full, strong breasts, and began to sob fiercely.



PURITAN ANCESTOR

By JOHN HOLMES

BITTERNESS was the bony structure of the man,
A skeleton whereon the flesh sat solid;
The pattern Falstaff proper, but the plan
Misread in making new, or torn, or sullied.

Joy of the flesh was easy; bone had pride.
Here was a civil war. When flesh was willing
In health and warm, bone turned the man aside.
Bone bleak and angular was all for ruling.

Bone hurt and hindered mortal pleasure so,
The man was gaunt already when death knew him.
Fiercely he towered. Death saw daylight go
Almost unchecked but much distorted through him.

He died of that long since. Now it is known
The trouble that shook him so was badly ended.
Bone without flesh, that thought to stand alone,
Is a green heap of earth, and low, and rounded.

THE LIBRARY

*The Murder of Abraham Lincoln*¹

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

ONCE I talked with an Englishman, a teacher of American history at Oxford, and he spoke in large and ample words of the admiration the English had for those two great Americans, Washington and Lincoln; the greatest Americans, he said, who ever lived. Quite honestly, I asked him to tell me why the English harbored such regard for Abraham Lincoln. To this, he returned no answer: he looked at me searchingly, and changed the subject.

And once I showed the sights of Washington to an old gentleman of the Cotton Belt, who was a boy in the war-time, and struggled to maturity through the grinding years of Reconstruction in the South, retaining vivid memories. We circled the noble temple they have raised to the Emancipator, where his giant effigy sits like a god in reverential light, with the Potomac and the heights of Arlington behind him. The ancient rebel ob-

served in silence, until we turned away, and then he drawled: "Somebody must have thought a lot of him!"

Neither the one nor the other of us were disingenuous, yet most people would notably fail in patience with such nonsense. This Lincoln Memorial in the Federal City is a very impressive memorial, and draws more pilgrims, the park officials say, than any other. With the Washington shaft and the dome of the Capitol, it dominates the Potomac shore. The Lincoln legend has assumed equal proportions in the folklore of the nation. It has become, in fact, a god-myth, with all the historic elements of such a myth, including the essential Judas of the piece, whose motivation was then, and is now, imperfectly explored.

Such myths are not rare in the stream of history: it has been given us to see in our own time the beginnings of such an one, which

¹ *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?* By Otto Eisenschiml. \$3.50. Little, Brown.

did not quite come off. For Woodrow Wilson is but lately dead. He was in all respects a notable War President, and where Lincoln's benignity embraced only one dis-united nation, Wilson's extended to the entire world. He stood on the pinnacle of human glory in those days after the Armistice. But he could not take his Senate with him, and they broke him. The depth of his fall can be measured only by the height of the hopes he raised across the weary, frightened earth; and he was not granted the supreme mercy of departure from the stage while he was at his peak: after more triumph than many mortals have enjoyed, he was doomed to drink bitter waters. Technically, his career lacked the fatal accident. If something deplorable had happened to him, say at the Boston dockside in December of 1918, when the President mounted the gangplank of the *George Washington* for the European progress, we would now be burning candles to his sublimity all over the world. But it was his misfortune to live and see his laurels wither in the searching breath of circumstance, to sicken, and grow old, and die in bed.

Lincoln had better luck. He was removed while the light of victory beat upon him, and his people

waved palm branches and cried: Hosannah! For Richmond was fallen, was fallen, was fallen! Lee had surrendered. At Bentonville, Joe Johnston with the Confederacy's last fighting army was making composition with Sherman, and the Confederacy's chief officers were in flight. On land and sea the Union faced the world, its integrity affirmed with thunders. The mighty scourge of war, in Mr. Lincoln's apt phrase, was passed away: and as the initial decision for war had been his more than any one man's, and as the resolution grimly to continue it had been his, so in the most personal sense the final victory was his. The guileless sons of Ham, not yet become a Question, chattered gratefully around his knees, and the people who had spent their sweat and blood and tears, not then awake to the implications of Appomattox and the Machine Age, called him Blessed. And on the evening of April 14, 1865, he went to the theater, where John Wilkes Booth shot him; and he died.

Here Mr. Otto Eisenschiml takes up his story. Mr. Eisenschiml was born in Vienna, the son of a G. A. R. veteran, says the publisher's note. He graduated from the University of Vienna, and came to this country at the age of twenty-

one, in 1901. He is a chemist of considerable repute, and the writer of many professional papers. From his father he had an interest in the American Civil War, which has not lapsed; and about ten years ago he turned his attention to the Lincoln assassination, finding in the attested records of that violent event many open questions. Unappeased by the official reports, he projected investigations into the bypaths and back alleys of history, and he sets forth his conclusions and his puzzles in a book called: *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?* His findings are sufficiently grotesque.

First, there were five people in the President's box that night: the President and Mrs. Lincoln; his aide, Major Rathbone; and Major Rathbone's fiancée; and a fifth, one Forbes, the President's footman. Stationed outside the box was the President's bodyguard, a member of the Washington Metropolitan Police Force, named Parker, whose duty was to prevent the entrance of unauthorized persons. Lieutenant-General Grant and his lady were to have been of the party, and the Secretary of War; but Mr. Stanton declined, and in the late afternoon the Lieutenant-General discovered important family affairs over at Burlington in New Jersey, and

about six o'clock took the steam cars for that place. On Grant's withdrawal, the President went in person to the office of the Secretary of War, and requested that Major Eckert of the Secretary's staff come along with him to the play: Major Eckert was a notable strong man, who could break pokers over his arms; and indeed the air was thick with rumors of kidnapping and assassination. Further, Mr. Lincoln mentioned premonitions. The Secretary refused the President's request: other important duties for his aide to perform, Mr. Stanton said. Eckert, personally approached by the President, also refused: too much work, he pleaded. Thus rebuffed, the President departed, wistfully saying: "I shall take Major Rathbone along, but I had much rather have you, Major (Eckert), since I know you can break a poker over your arm." This is quoted from Bates, the telegraph operator, there present. At thirteen minutes past ten that night, Major Eckert was at home, shaving, his heavy assignments well finished.

The ineffable Parker, of the Metropolitan Force, deserves more than passing mention. It was within the routine duties of the Secretary of War to protect the person of the President. Four mem-

bers of the Metropolitan Police were regularly detailed as bodyguards. Parker, who had the duty on April 14, was rated as patrolman. The metropolitan blotter shows four offenses against him in the three years of his service up to April, 1865: drunkenness, and conduct unbecoming an officer, generally. Some influence not disclosed saved him each time, and the records establish that Mrs. Lincoln, personally, on April 3, 1865, intervened to exempt him from the draft.

Testimony has it that earlier in this evening, between the acts, he left his station and went out with Forbes for a drink. It is not established where he stood when Mr. John Wilkes Booth entered the box at 10:13, for Booth was not hindered. Nor where he was in the screaming, the shouting, and the confusion following that entry. But at least Parker was not entirely inactive through the fatal night, for it is on the blotter how he went out, like Peter, and arrested a prostitute named Lizzie Williams. He was never disciplined. A charge brought against him for neglect of duty at Ford's Theater the night of April 14/15, 1865, was quietly dropped. His record carries a fifth offense in May, '65, a sixth in November, '65, and a seventh, in 1868,

for which he was expelled from the Force. The seventh was like the others, some drink-and-woman affair; but Stanton was out of office then. The ax fell promptly, and Parker disappears from history. Who, asks Mr. Eisenschiml, protected him?

Mr. Eisenschiml's point is plain: the Secretary of War had at his disposal, for the Presidential guard, thousands of war-hardened veterans and hundreds of trained MP's, and any number of Pinkertons, not to mention policemen of good reputation. Yet Parker, a known incompetent, with a record that smells across seventy-two years, retains the detail. Little is said of Rathbone, except that he had his girl along: it appears that he asked Booth what he wanted when the dark fellow came in: Booth brushed him aside lightly, and clapped the pistol to the President's head. . . .

The Secretary of War was notified promptly, rushed to the President's bedside, and took charge. He was the official disseminator of all government news. It was not until 1:30 the morning of the 15th that he wrote his first dispatch, and forty-five minutes later it went out: alert New York press men beat him by hours. At 3 o'clock in the morning, Stanton

put the name of the assassin in dispatches, actually released at 3:20, although Booth was recognized by hundreds when he lurched across the stage. Further, the roads fan out from Washington, east, west, north, and south, to every road its fort and guard post, under the orders of the Secretary of War. Every road was promptly closed after the shooting—they picked up the wretched Azeroldt on the Rockville Pike—except one, which goes across the Anacostia Bridge into Maryland, and down the eastern bank of the Potomac. That road was not closed, and over it Booth rode unmolested, and disappeared.

The Navy Yard Bridge is about three miles from Ford's Theater. Some time before midnight, John Wilkes Booth and a companion, Herold, crossed it, no man making them afraid. The sergeant of the bridge guard conversed with Booth and passed him out, having no reason to detain him, for up to the time Sergeant Cobb went off watch and retired to his bunk, at one o'clock, no word of the assassination had reached his post. That the Sergeant was vigilant, however, is proved in the testimony of a conscientious hostler, employed by the livery stable from which Booth's companion, Herold, rented his mount: one John Fletcher. This

Fletcher, lounging about between eleven and twelve, recognized Herold spurring his rented horse in the direction of the Navy Yard Bridge. He was concerned for his stable's interest, since it was time the horse was turned in, and he took a mount and hastened to investigate. At the Bridge, Sergeant Cobb halted him. Did such and such a horse go across, asks Fletcher—a heavy-built roan, blind in one eye, a kind of a pacing horse? It had, they told him. And they told him further that, if he wanted to go after that horse, he could go, but he couldn't come back—not that night. After all, considered Fletcher, there are limits to zeal, and it was late. He returned to the livery stable and went to bed, first reporting the incident to the authorities. His testimony, curiously deleted in the official records of the subsequent trial, is reclaimed from the stenographic notes by Mr. Eisenschiml. It was the 17th of April before a detachment was ordered on the trail so plainly indicated within three hours of the event. But cavalry and detectives, energized by the office of the Secretary of War, had been beating the bushes in other quarters since the early morning of April 15th.

The story of the unfortunate Doctor Mudd has been immortal-

ized by the research faculty of Hollywood. The tale of the shooting at Garret's Farm has been exhaustively reconstructed. But Mr. Eisenschiml, sifting tirelessly, produces new matter in connection with each. Why, for example, did Colonel Conger prefer charges against Sergeant Corbett for shooting Booth, when they had the assassin surrounded in the Garret barn, and it on fire? And again, why did the Secretary of War personally direct that the charges against Sergeant Corbett be dropped? Very evident, concludes this commentator, that persons in high quarters didn't want Booth talking to anybody.

A synopsis of Mr. Eisenschiml's five hundred-odd pages is not within the province of this article; but as one reads into them, the tale becomes crazier and crazier. Inescapably you are reminded of certain notorious trials lately current in the United States; cases where all the principals were queer: Jafsie and the Pig Woman are outdone on their own ground by half-a-dozen prominent figures in the Lincoln conspiracy investigation; and most fantastic and improbable of all appears the furious Stanton, Secretary of War. For Stanton was the Interested Party, before and after the event. The President's

safety was his responsibility, and if his arrangements had been efficient — Mr. Secretary's arrangements were usually efficient — Booth could not have entered the President's box. And if his security and police services had functioned — Mr. Secretary's services usually functioned — the assassin could not have left the city. And then the manner and the method of the captivity of the conspirators, and the conduct of the trial: those records read like no other American chronicle that I know. The entire mess is as unsavory as any in our history.

Mr. Eisenschiml's facts and deductions are impressively documented, and the thoroughness of his research commands respect. You agree that the War Secretary — he was a most energetic war minister, worthy to rank in achievement with the elder Pitt, with Carnot, and with Newton D. Baker — was definitely queer; and it is equally apparent that of all public men in '65, he had the most to lose if Lincoln had survived. Holding up his arms were the group of extremists, headed by Wade and Thaddeus Stevens and their like, who discerned in the Union victory the chance of a lifetime for loot, loot on a continental scale: only Lincoln stood in the way. The President's interview

with Grant, Sherman, and Porter, on the *Indian Queen* at City Point, in March, before Lee's debacle, was a secret interview, but its substance was made plain in the terms Grant extended to the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court-house in April: and it was evident that the late Rebellious States were going to be received into the Union with charity and compassion, as though they were prodigals returning: a situation unthinkable to reasonable men, and very dangerous to the future of the Republican Party. Lincoln had preserved the Union, but now—Howl, Romans! To the victors belong the spoils. . . . It was time he left the stage; and he was removed. The circumstantial evidence, as the writer pre-

sents it, indicates that the official persons most interested in his removal connived at it: but there is no evidence other than circumstantial, concludes Mr. Otto Eisenschiml, in final honesty.

The author is on ground he knows while he deals with the assassination and the trial, yet his deductions on the conduct of the war are not convincing: nobody can make a great general out of McClellan. The chapters on Andrew Johnson, and the sidelights on Grant, are good reporting. Finally, he establishes a mass of curious fact and circumstance, most thought-provoking; but he proves nothing at all. The book is recommended to any student of human behavior.



THE OPEN FORUM

Amendments for THE MERCURY New Deal Constitution

SIR: Fearful that "A Constitution for the New Deal", published in your June number, will go out of date and become absolutely reactionary without speedy amendment, I hasten to accept your invitation to offer an amendment:

Section 2 of Article 2 of the Constitution, "The Vice-President of the United States shall be the president of the Senate, and the agent therein of the President. He shall make known to the members the President's wishes from time to time, and shall entertain such views on public questions as the President may direct, etc." shall be amended to read further: "The Vice-President shall have no vote unless the Senators are equally divided. If he casts the deciding vote contrary to the President's wishes and instructions, then the President shall have authority to appoint six additional Vice-Presidents."

GEORGE S. RAMSAY

*Tulsa,
Oklahoma.*

SIR: An Amendment for THE MERCURY Constitution:

It shall be the duty of the President to create a Cabinet office to be known as Secretary of Photography. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of Photography to visit the White House not less than once weekly and take pictures of the President and members of his family. It shall be the duty of the President to grin while being photographed that citizens may at all times be apprized of the happy state of his mind. It shall be unlawful for the Secretary of Photography to take pictures of any member of Congress who has voted in opposition to any bill

proposed by the President. The Secretary of Photography shall submit all authorized and lawful photographs to all newspapers and magazines published in the United States; and any publication, no matter how obscure or impecunious, that fails to publish photographs submitted by the Secretary of Photography shall be fined not less than \$1000.00.

WILLIAM ACKWORTH

*Iola,
Kansas.*

SIR: I hasten to accept your invitation to submit amendments to THE MERCURY'S Constitution for the New Deal. No doubt a packed court would construe your provisions to embrace the following, but I believe this matter should be expressly provided for:

"The President shall be the sole repository of all information pertaining to the number and condition of the congenitally indigent and incompetent persons in the United States, and he shall not be required to publish such information except as he sees fit; nor shall any other person, official, or governmental authority inquire into the matter; nor question the President's information on the same, to the end that the President may, out of public funds, buy, corrupt, and prostitute that proportion of the electorate sufficient to control all elections in order that he and his heirs and assigns may perpetuate themselves in office forever."

Your Constitution is most admirable in its intent, but the courts would frown on your legal style, or lack of it. Your provisions come to the point directly, whereas it

is best to reserve that for the end, as above, which style is recommended as a pattern for all future amendments.

C. JAY HANRAHAN

*Omaha,
Nebraska.*

SIR: Here are three Amendments:

1. The President shall buy from all foreigners whatsoever all the gold and silver they may offer to sell; but shall compel such foreigners to accept more United States money in payment thereof than they would be willing to accept. Such United States money, thus paid to such foreigners, they shall be allowed to invest in American securities and real estate, until all American property thus passes into foreign ownership. And none of such money, or the property purchased therewith, shall be seized and applied on the debts owed to the United States Government or any of its citizens, by any defaulting foreign nations or the nationals thereof.

2. All the nationals of the British Empire, who try to prepare for the British civil service, and do not have sense enough to qualify, shall immediately be given key positions in the United States Civil Service. Such British thus entering the United States Civil Service shall be assisted and protected in the forming and maintenance of a self-perpetuating hierarchy to discriminate against Americans.

3. It shall not be perjury or treason on the part of the President, if while he takes the oath of office he keeps his fingers crossed, though he afterwards violates the spirit and intent of such oath, provided also that such violation is accomplished while observing the outward forms of a legal procedure provided for other and lawful ends.

ANONYMOUS

*Washington,
D. C.*

SIR: Your proposed Constitution is excellent as far as it goes; but it doesn't go far enough. One sad omission is a section on

censorship in the Bill of Rights. The righteous for years have been engaged in a struggle for the betterment of the people, with a somewhat different objective from Mr. Roosevelt's but in a similar manner. Their chief obstacle, like Mr. Roosevelt's, is the Constitution. By the simple means of adding a few more paragraphs to your proposed Constitution you can make The More Abundant Life clean and moral as well as abundant. Therefore I propose the following be included after Article IV:

Censorship

SECTION ONE. The National Board of Censorship shall consist of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Massachusetts Watch and Ward Society, the Y.M.C.A., the W.C.T.U., every small-town Uplift organization, every branch of the American Legion, and everyone else who shall apply for a position on said board, including lunatics and paupers. It shall be the privilege of members of the Board of Censors to select any particular forms of censorship in which they may choose to specialize, or they may be all-around censors. They shall have power of life and death over all writers and artists living in the several States and shall have the power to demand the assistance of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps to enforce their artistic and literary opinions.

SECTION TWO. The salaries of the Censors shall be equal to the incomes of the best artists and writers whose works it is their duty to inspect. It shall be the duty of each Censor, on finding a work of art or literature that offends his sensibilities, to go to the nearest courthouse and declare under oath that the sight of the work of art or the perusal of the work of literature fills his mind with unclean thoughts, and is, therefore, a serious menace to the morals of the rest of the community. The court shall then order the destruction of the offending opus and the crucifixion of the offending artist or author. Should said offender be deceased, it shall be the duty of the court to order his

tombstone tipped over, his coffin disinterred and his bones thrown into the nearest ash can.

HUGH MORRISON

New York City.

SIR: I am enclosing two Amendments. I could think of others, but your waste-basket and the new size of THE MERCURY both have their limitations of space. These Amendments are submitted with as much solemn-ass gravity as though I were an editorial writer. I feel it to the very bottom of my digestive tract; I positively yammer with sincerity and patriotism and the desire to have my country saved according to my formula; of course, if my formula isn't accepted, the country can go to Hell. Who wants to be saved by anyone but ME?

Modesty is my handicap. I am a ghost-writer, and even the sheet that covers me when I walk abroad bears another man's laundrymark. (Definition of politics—copyright, 1937—the art of stuffing a shirt without putting anything in it.) The Amendments:

1. All outworn traditions, superstitions, and legends incompatible with the principles of this Constitution, including the multiplication table, are hereby repealed. In computing the total of taxes or other imposts deemed to be due from any citizen to the federal government, the sum of two and two shall be deemed to be five; but in computing the indebtedness of the federal government to any citizen for goods, services, interest, or any other purpose, the sum of two and two shall be deemed to be three.

2. Whenever at the discretion of the Executive, the purchase of individual votes in an election shall be deemed necessary or advisable, the price paid for Democratic votes shall be not less than five dollars per vote, the entire cost of such purchases to be defrayed from appropriations made by the Congress for this purpose. Republican candidates shall not be permitted to pay in excess of fifty cents for any vote so purchased and shall defray the cost of said pur-

chases from their own funds. It shall be illegal for any person, corporation, association, or group to assist any Republican candidate by contributing money for such purpose. It shall also be illegal for any Republican to possess money.

Note: Violation of the preceding Amendments shall be punishable by a fine of two million dollars, imprisonment in a federal penitentiary for one thousand years, or by the death of the offender and not less than three immediate relatives, to be selected by the Executive.

JOHN KNOX

*Trenton,
New Jersey.*

SIR: I read with great delight your proposed Constitution for the New Deal. If the Administration ever does adopt it (and I think they would be very foolish to let such a beautiful custom-made job slip through their fingers), I think my Amendment ought to please them. It is the only tax bill they have not had the nerve to perpetrate, as yet. It is with a sense of grave responsibility that I submit my first attempt at law-making. Now I know how it feels to shape my country's destiny. It is awesome.

An Amendment Entitled, An Act for Taxing Air Breathed by Human Beings in the United States of America:

There shall be a tax at the rate of one cent per pound of air at sea level, and in a place where the population is five thousand or less. Air on the seacoast or on the shores of salt lakes shall be taxed at the same rate as air at sea level, plus a surtax of 1/10 mill per one per cent of sodium chloride in said air. Mountain air, or air at a height of ten feet above sea level or over, shall be taxed at the same rate as air at sea level, plus a surtax of one mill per one foot of elevation. This applies to natural elevations as knolls, hills, and mountains, and to second stories and above of buildings, porch decks, upper decks of buses, and the tops of flag poles. Combined salt and thin air is taxable in its combined percentages, *i.e.*,

the sea-level rate plus salt air surtax plus thin air surtax.

All creatures that walk upright on two or less legs, or have had the requisite number of legs and at any time walked upright on them, and that speak a known language, are considered by law to be human beings, and as such are taxable for the air they breathe. All new-born children are considered to be twelve inches in length, six inches in breadth, and three inches thick. Therefore, all human beings who measure $12 \times 6 \times 3$ shall be considered to displace 216 cubic inches of air and shall be taxed $1/10$ mill per cubic inch of air displacement, and $1/10$ mill per cubic inch of increase in size, each such increase to be determined on the first day of each January at the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue.

Each sufferer from asthma shall consult a reputable physician once a month for examination, and shall keep himself as free from respiratory embarrassment as possible. The physician shall send a report of such visit to the Collector of Internal Revenue. A deduction of $1/10$ mill per pound of sea-level air is made in case of asthma, but salt air and thin air surtaxes obtain without reduction. In cases of deviated septum and other bone displacements of the nose, a competent oto-laryngologist shall determine the exact degree of respiratory embarrassment and report to the Collector of Internal Revenue. A deduction of $1/10$ mill per pound of sea-level air per millimeter of nasal obstruction is allowed, but salt air and thin air surtaxes obtain without reduction. In cases of adenoids, a competent oto-laryngologist shall determine the exact degree of obstruction and report to the Collector of Internal Revenue. If more than $1/3$ of the breathing space is obstructed by the adenoids, they shall be removed at the taxpayer's expense. A deduction of one mill per pound of sea-level air is allowed when $1/3$ or less of the breathing space is obstructed, but salt air and thin air surtaxes obtain without reduction.

An air-meter to be worn on the nose at

all times is available at the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue. This meter shall be inscribed with the taxpayer's name and government number. Any loss of said meter shall be reported to the Collector of Internal Revenue immediately and a new one procured. The penalty for being without a meter for more than one hour is a fine of fifty dollars or sixty days in jail.

The Breath Control Administration, to be known as the B. C. A., will have offices in every place of a population of five thousand or over. Taxpayers must report to these offices once a month to pay the Air Tax. It will be computed by the Collector of Internal Revenue at said B. C. A. office. The following penalties attach to failures to report or to the rendering of fraudulent reports: (a) Failure to report at office of the B. C. A. once a month is accompanied by a fine of fifty dollars or imprisonment for sixty days or both. (b) Any person attempting to evade the Air Tax by claiming he is not a human being and is proved to be such by the Collector of Internal Revenue is liable to a fine of one hundred dollars or one year in a federal prison or both. (c) Any person having a respiratory obstruction or embarrassment provided for in this Amendment and who fails to report to a physician once a month, or any physician who fails to make a monthly report or who makes a fraudulent report, is liable to life imprisonment at the federal prison at Alcatraz with Government confiscation of all his monies and personal property (if any).

ANNE FORD

*Queens Village,
New York.*

SIR: Your New Deal Constitution is virtually perfect. But I would like to suggest one important addition. It may be incorporated into the Constitution without the usual six days' grace, in light of the present emergency.

The Amendment: The President shall have the power to create, as he sees fit,

citizens' camps for the purpose of clearing the forests and mountains of all underbrush, wild flowers, tall grass, grass roots, and every third tree. The maximum number of such camps shall be four to the square mile, but in emergencies this maximum may be increased by Presidential proclamation. The number of men to a camp shall not exceed three thousand. The men shall be paid adequate salaries, shall be allowed one month's leave of absence to return to their homes to vote, and upon good behavior shall receive a substantial bonus. No man whose family includes less than three voters shall be admitted, and each applicant for admission shall be required to pass an oral examination (if he cannot write) on the subject of how to vote. The Supreme Court of the United States shall be answerable for all floods, dust storms, tornadoes or strikes resulting from such clearing of the forests and mountains.

EDITH M. MACHEN

*Harrisburg,
Pennsylvania.*

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MORE ABOUT THE DOUBLE STANDARD

SIR: Being one of those "fond, foolish females" mentioned by the Wife writing the article, "I Believe in the Double Standard", I should like to say a few words concerning another aspect of the Double Standard. I am now thirty-one years old, and for three years I have been one of the "foolish" (?) ones. I was a virgin physically and emotionally when the man came into my life.

I believe that I could safely class myself among the upper strata of "Miss Tomkinses", as your writer calls those of us who have an affair with a married man. I was born and reared in a small Middle-Western college town from a family that prides itself upon coming from the cream of pioneer stock. One President of the United States and the wife of another came from that same blood. I think I had every good

influence in my childhood, including that of the church. I am a graduate of a large State university, and I have had considerable professional training in addition. My life has been rich in friendships of both men and women.

The year after I began work in my profession, I became engaged to marry a man whom I had met in college. He is a fine person, and I was happy in a childish, sentimental way. I dreamed (with absolute assurance that the dream would come true) of the time when I would have a beautiful home, beautiful children, and a god of a husband who would always swing up the walk to our door about six o'clock each evening. When Bud asked me to marry him, I felt my dream was coming true. Then, when marriage was "just around the corner", I met the husband of just such a woman as wrote the article which prompted this.

I didn't know then that he was another woman's husband. All I knew was that I had suddenly become ALIVE. He was interesting, talented, well educated, and several years older than I. From the beginning every fiber of my being — mentally, spiritually, and physically — was his, and still is. I shall always wonder how it happened that I had never before even glimpsed the glorious wonder of sex love. At first I was troubled because I had given what I should have saved for Bud, but Bud was no longer of any importance.

It was a ghastly time when I faced the fact that I had fallen hopelessly in love with a married man. The grief of a wife who first realizes that she is not the only woman in her husband's life could be no more terrible. Then, like a gift from heaven, the idea came to me that we never go far wrong when we do that to which we turn instinctively. I had become his as naturally as a flower turns to the sun. So, with a vow never to do anything that would hurt his wife, I placed my lot with that of the Back Street women and decided to take whatever height or depth our love might bring us.

That was nearly two years ago. I have been unbelievably happy. The man in question has been absolutely fair, kind, and understanding in all this. I have never met his wife. I saw a small kodak picture of her twice. I know he is proud of her beauty, her chic, and her accomplishments. I have no feeling that I am playing second fiddle to her. I fill a definite need in her husband's life, just as she does. I feel that I have a warm, secure place in his heart. No wife has a right to feel that a "Miss Tomkins" is always ready for a new "erotic adventure". She is just as virtuous as the wife. The adventure she has is the pivot around which her life moves. She knows full well that finding "each other's bodies at midnight" is a miracle beyond all telling and a spur to her ambition which has often made her forget breakfast.

There are two reasons why I should like to have been this man's wife: (1) I am woman enough to wish that I could insure this man's immortality and mine in the form of at least one child bearing his fine, old name. I don't know any woman who would appreciate the privilege any more. I would like to weave stories for that little one's bedtime. I would like to watch him grow in his appreciation of life and the arts. (2) I would like to have society's recognition of my love for this man and his for me. Mere words by a minister or a justice of the peace could surely not make my love more worthy than it is now. We shall have gone a long way in society when we allow the woman with adequate cultural, physical, and financial background to have her normal development in the life of a child, even if it is impossible for her to marry her lover. Why should children of mine be illegitimate just because another woman met the man I love before I did and exchanged vows with him? My love is honest and true.

I am just one of the "Miss Tomkinses". I know no other, but the world must be full of them. Of course we need the Double Standard, and with it we need an equal

recognition of the women involved. Such recognition will not come soon enough to help us in this generation. We shall have to keep a firm, sane outlook, and develop whatever sense of humor the Lord gave us.

A FOND, FOOLISH FEMALE

*Oak Park,
Illinois.*

SIR: "I Believe in the Double Standard" made me seethe. No woman who is normally sexed and proud of her womanhood believes in the Double Standard unless she is forced to. I advocate the Single Standard first, last, and always, and still see no reason why a man with a normally sexed wife should not be ruled by reason instead of his "piece", for the sake of fairness and the example to the rising generation.

ANOTHER WIFE

*Colorado Springs,
Colorado.*

SIR: "I Believe in the Double Standard" I consider rotten and should not be printed. Morals have fallen low enough in the past four years. Why boost it? Don't spoil your magazine by printing such stuff.

MARY R. LYSLE

*Landenberg,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I feel that the article "I Believe in the Double Standard", is a challenge to every woman whose ideals are rich and full with the poetry of life. It is rather unfortunate that a woman, especially a mother, believes herself justified in flinging her ideas of a Double Standard to a world full of young people, who are in the process of growing up and are alive with the excitement of life. It only masks the dead dreams of a disgruntled wife, who in five words could have publicly admitted: *I couldn't hold my man!*

ANOTHER WIFE

*Everett,
Washington.*

SIR: Herewith a happy consort's reply to that amazing Wife who wrote "I Believe in the Double Standard", and consequently let her husband practice an independent sex life of his own, unwept and without benefit of scolding! Of course to any normal woman, this unfeeling queen of the harem, as she describes herself, appears definitely perverted. She is apparently either undersexed, or at least purveying a type of allure somehow unsatisfactory to her husband—whether this is due to his vagaries or hers does not appear—but in any case it was originally a definite mismatching, and in that case anything can happen.

In her own case history, there is first an indication of ego shock, a perfectly natural reaction to the wife's discovery of her spouse's philandering, and then comes a complete rationalization worked out into a series of elaborate defense mechanisms. This adaptation seems possible only to a security-minded, self-centered, shallow person or to one brought up in Continental cold-bloodedness and the *mariage-de-convenance* tradition. Of course the husband may have had a low taste in women—for outright wenches in fact. To bear this out the wife seems a bit too much on the refined side and stresses her education. She is certainly aggressively voluble, and seems not to have heard of the appeal of the young and the dumb for most men. She *has* heard, however, of polygamy, and shares Dr. Clendenning's theory that nature urges the male to propagate as many times as possible and in as many different places, for the sake of the race. However, she certainly gives the male more scope physically than the average man requires. Has she never heard of burning up part of the sexual energy in other forms of creation and in work or exercise? Perhaps her man is especially lecherous without the intelligence to find any other outlet, but this does not indicate her course as a remedy for more normal folks.

All that she says about habit and famili-

arity taking the bloom from the rose of romance is unfortunately true, but are they so resourceless as not to know any other way to break their monotony except by promiscuity? If that is the case, they are either sadly limited or pathological.

The most one can say for this complaisant wife is that if for any good reason such an arrangement were necessary, she has put a good front on it and done a marvelous job of adaptation, too marvelous in fact. Perhaps she is just ahead of her times, for now that sex is disassociated from religious morality in many modern minds, we may expect an increasingly casual attitude toward many of its manifestations as long as they are not socially destructive. But let me say, she is too far ahead of the times for me. She is pretty smart in some ways, and knows all the answers except the basic spiritual truths. She has it all reasoned out practically and glibly, but her story just doesn't carry conviction for ordinary, respectable folks.

A WIFE

Connecticut.

SIR: I cannot be content until I express my very decided opinion of "I Believe in the Double Standard". The article brings to mind the thought that this wife does not really believe in the Double Standard but is trying to sell the idea to herself, trying to explain her husband's failings, to make the best of her situation. She says she is really happy. I wonder. Methinks she protests too much.

Marriage is defeated by the Double Standard. Marriage joins two people in a spiritual-physical union. We all have joy in possession, a wife as well as a husband. What fun is there in lending a pair of shoes to our neighbors? The shine is liable to wear off much too quickly, and the shoes last just one tenth as long. How shall we prevent the situation? I'd say, education for marriage, social contact with different types of persons, and intimacy before mar-

riage, to be able to form an opinion of what is expected from marriage. Let's try on our shoes before we buy them. Marry with our eyes wide open.

E. G. PETTIGREW

Gansevoort,
New York.



CORRECTION

SIR: Mr. Varney's article in your April issue is false in many matters of fact and wrong in implications, at least as far as I am concerned, and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, also my colleagues on the Commission of the American Historical Association for the Investigation of the Social Studies in the Schools. I shall confine myself to one concrete citation. Mr. Varney says in his article: "In this instance, Dr. Beard, a former president of the Association, had persuaded his fellow officers some years before to authorize *A Study of the Teaching of the Social Sciences in the Schools*." So much for Mr. Varney. Now for the facts. In 1926 the Council of the Historical Association, on the basis of a report from a committee, authorized the Study in question. I was not president of the Association at the time. I was not president until 1933. I was not a member of the original committee. I had nothing whatever to do with the action of the Association in authorizing the Study. I knew nothing whatever about this action until public notice was given. I was not an officer of the Association at the time and had no part in the proceedings of the Council. On invitation I accepted membership on the Commission, but I had nothing whatever to do with the selection of the Commissioners. Neither did Dr. Counts, whom I met for the first time in my life at an early meeting of the Commission. I was not a member of the Executive Committee of the Commission and merely performed to the best of my abilities the tasks assigned to me by the Commission. Every line which I wrote for the Commission was scrutinized by the

members of the Commission and they exercised their independent judgment. Four members did not sign the final report, but they were given an opportunity to file dissenting opinions — an opportunity of which they did not take advantage. It is not in keeping with the facts to say that I had anything to do with initiating the Study. It is equally out of keeping with the facts to imply that Dr. Counts and I did or could impose our views on the other members of the Commission. It is false in substance and a misrepresentation of the whole business. For verification of my statement you may consult Professor Conyers Read, Executive Secretary of the Historical Association, at the University of Pennsylvania, and Professor A. C. Krey, of the University of Minnesota, chairman of the Commission on the Social Studies.

CHARLES A. BEARD

New Milford,
Connecticut.



MR. VARNEY REPLIES

SIR: The statement that Dr. Beard was an initiator of the social sciences teaching survey was made upon information which I believed to be trustworthy. In view of Dr. Beard's enlightening statement, I hasten to acknowledge my involuntary error and to tender my apologies for this unfortunate blunder. May I say that I did not intend to convey the thought that he was president of the Association at the time the inquiry was authorized, nor do I believe that my sentence will give that impression to the reader. Also, I had not the slightest intention of implying anywhere in the article that the American Historical Association, as such, consciously lent itself to the promulgation of a document which would be used by advocates of collectivism to fortify their propaganda. The survey was not instituted by the Association with that end in view, nor do I state, in my mistaken attribution of Beardian parentage to the inquiry, that Dr. Beard himself entertained

such an original purpose. Indeed, the whole point of my thesis was that a Left-wing group, headed by Dr. Counts, maneuvered themselves into the position to use the name of the American Historical Association to produce a collectivist document which was impressive precisely because the membership of the Association is non-Radical and non-partisan.

Having made this clarification concerning my references to Dr. Beard and the Association, let me set down, for the benefit of MERCURY readers, the facts in regard to this inquiry. The preliminary plan of the survey was drafted in 1926 (with revisions in 1928), by a committee of nine, appointed by the American Historical Association. Neither Counts nor Beard was a member of this committee. The only present member of the Board of Directors of the *Social Frontier* on the first committee was Dr. Jesse H. Newlon. After the receipt of the Carnegie grant in 1928, a final commission of sixteen was appointed to conduct the survey. Dr. Beard and Dr. Counts were on this Commission. To understand the important role played by Counts, subsequent to his appointment, let me quote Appendix B of the *Conclusions and Recommendations*:

The immediate conduct of the investigation was in the hands of A. C. Krey, who was the directing head of the inquiry from the beginning, and George S. Counts, who served as director of research from August 1, 1931.

Dr. Beard, of course, was a towering figure on the Commission. He was appointed chairman of the special committee on "Objectives", with Dr. Counts as one of the other four members of the committee. This committee added three non-commissioner members to its number, Drs. Rugg, Bode, and Bobbitt, the first two of whom were later associated with Dr. Counts in his *Social Frontier*. It is obvious that this committee, by defining the scope and direction of the inquiry, exercised a decisive

influence upon its outcome. Dr. Beard's status on the Commission is evident from the fact that in 1931 he was selected to write the first published report, "A Charter for the Social Studies in the Schools", which was published under his authorship. This admirably restrained monograph — perhaps the finest piece of writing which has come from Dr. Beard's pen — did not exhibit the collectivist bias which flawed the volume of *Conclusions and Recommendations* which appeared two years later. Between these two general studies, which opened and closed the inquiry, the Commission authorized the preparation of fourteen other reports on specific subjects. Dr. Beard and Dr. Counts were each authors of one of these special reports. The final *Conclusions and Recommendations*, which attracted the attention of the general public and whose collectivist character is described in my article, was published over the signature of the whole Commission, excepting the four Commissioners who declined to affix their names (Ballou, Day, Horn, and Merriam), and Dr. Bowman, who signed with reservations. The authorship of its text is apparently the work of several men. To those familiar with Dr. Beard's other writings, his style and method of classification is easily recognizable in Chapter Two. In other parts of the *Conclusions*, one detects a striking resemblance to Dr. Counts' generalizations in *The Social Foundations of Education*.

Since Dr. Beard was not among the four non-signers, it is obvious that *Conclusions and Recommendations* meets his approval. Beyond this collaboration on the Commission on the Social Studies, I have no knowledge of any association of Dr. Beard with Dr. Counts in any of his later activities, nor have I any reason to believe Dr. Beard to be in sympathy with their objectives. He appeared as the author of an article in the first issue of the *Social Frontier*, in October, 1934, but I have not noted any subsequent contributions by him to the magazine. His name has never appeared on the long list of

educators who constitute the *Social Frontier* board of directors. At the same time, I am sure that Dr. Beard will be fair enough to admit that his writings have had a vast influence in shaping the viewpoints of most of the present Left-wing intelligentsia in this country. That his disciples have frequently done him the injustice of distorting his ideas to serve the purposes of un-American propaganda is not his fault. Much as I disagree with many of Dr. Beard's conclusions, may I state in this place that I have always found an invigorating breath of fundamental Americanism in all his writings. While I believe that he made a serious mistake in approving the categorical declarations of *Conclusions and Recommendations*, I hope that I have made it unmistakably clear that I had no intent in my article to question the uprightness of his motives.

HAROLD LORD VARNEY

New York City.

[Editor's Note: *The Editor of THE MERCURY wishes to add his apology to Mr. Varney's for the publication of the misstatement of fact concerning Dr. Beard's connection with the Historical Association. Every possible effort is made in our editorial office to print the truth and nothing but the truth. We allow our writers full freedom of opinion — and we by no means always agree with their opinions; but we are as exacting as we know how to be when it comes to matters of established fact. Unfortunately, an error of this type is occasionally overlooked, although every name, date, and factual statement in the magazine is checked by half a dozen people before publication of each issue.*]

~*~

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION

SIR: I am writing this letter, frankly, in hopes that it will be published. I am not a young literary hopeful who wishes to see his name in print, nor do I wish to receive any financial return for my ef-

fort. I am writing this letter in hopes that those who term themselves the "thinking minority" may see how the average American boy regards Dr. Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposal. I am, I believe, a fair representation of the American boy. I am a senior in high school, work in a drugstore, am president in my high-school fraternity. I eat, sleep, raise hell, and study when the spirit moves me. I am no child prodigy (as my grades will show and my teachers will verify). I am just an average boy and I daresay my opinion is representative.

We American boys have been watching Europe during the past several years, just as closely if not a little closer than you older guys have, whether you know it or not. We have been reading, just as you have, about the way Hitler has centralized all the power of government to the hands of a favored few and subjected all the functions of the German government beneath the influence of his domineering personality. We are young, but no dumber than you are. We are watching, and at the same time holding our breath, as we observe the way Iron Man Stalin hammers the ignorant Russian proletariat into submission. We are not unmindful of the way Germany's Hitler and Italy's Il Duce acceded to power through carefully planned but gradual steps of bamboozlement. We are not worried about the people of these countries. That is their battle and they'll have to fight it out for themselves. What we are concerned about is this. It has been none too difficult for these power-thirsty showmen of Europe to highball themselves across the glory road to dictatorship, and we do not wish a similar occurrence to "happen here". We do not think that such a thing will "happen here", if the lovers of freedom and constitutional government have guts enough to fight the thing to the finish, and return blow for blow the thrusts of the New Dealers.

If the President's plan for reorganization of the Supreme Court becomes law, we know as well as you what will be the re-

sult. The balance-wheel form of government will be abolished and America will be catapulted by New Deal rubber-stamp legislation down the road to what Dr. Roosevelt calls The More Abundant Life. It may be More Abundant, but for whom? (Hopkins, Ickes, etc., etc.) But, in a larger sense, we are not only worried about the present and what Mr. Roosevelt may do, if and when he is able to proceed with a rubber-stamp court: we are deeply concerned about this, but above and beyond any such consideration of the present, we are looking forward to the time when we youngsters will have to fill your shoes. By that time, Roosevelt will either be a has-been or dead, and we'll scratch our sores, roll up our sleeves in the traditional American way, and start working full speed ahead with only New Deal pockmarks as reminders of an unhappy incident. But suppose, now, that instead of being allowed to go forward in the time-honored way, we are throttled down by another smiling, crooning and more pernicious personality. Suppose that with the power which a President has without a Supreme Court to serve as a check to hold the balance of power, this super-dictator would follow suit to what is being done right now in Europe. That's what we're worried about. We are just as anxious to be heard as you are—but we'll surely be thwarted if our Constitutional right of free speech is denied us, as it might easily be. We are just as anxious to organize into parties to show our beliefs politically—but this is not possible today in Russia, Italy, or Germany, and probably would not be in America under an unrestricted dictator. We are just as anxious as were Jefferson, Washington, Hancock, and Hamilton to have a hand in governing ourselves—but with overcentralization of power, this privilege has possibilities of being greatly curtailed.

In closing, I wish to throw out this challenge. You men of America, dust the cobwebs off your God-endowed noodles, and rise up in one body to voice your disap-

proval of a government without a judicial balance wheel, before it is too late. We young Americans implore you to raise such an unholy stink to heaven and to Washington that "It Can't Happen Here" will be an actuality and not an ironic rebuke. We are the men of tomorrow and we are placing our trust in you to give us the same land of free privilege and democracy that your dads gave you.

ROBERT HAMILTON HOOVER

*Canton,
Ohio.*

SIR: Now that one of your sacrosanct Supreme Court darlings (Roberts) has flopped on you, it is going to be a perfect delight for us Radicals to watch such masses-hating vipers as you and Albert Jay Nock and others making grimaces as you proceed to "cat crow", pretending you *like* such decisions as you had handed you on the Wagner Act. Roberts saw the handwriting on the judicial wall. The angry Tory gnashing of teeth will sound like sweet music to our ears. Now all that is left for your desperate bunch is to reach for the Fascist bludgeon.

HARRY J. WEBER

*Modesto,
California.*

SIR: Easily "tops" of the wealth of current humor are the lamentations of the Tory Jeremiahs over the President's proposal to modernize and rejuvenate the federal courts to make them adequate to present needs. "All liberty will be lost!" cries one. "Good-bye to Constitutional government!" moans another. "We are confronted with the greatest crisis in our history!" screams a third. "This is the end!" wails a fourth.

These diehards, now as ever, are unable to distinguish their petty interests and pet prejudices from a national crisis. That Congress has the Constitutional power to increase the number of judges and that they have exercised that power a half-dozen times in our history would seem to be a

fact that would soothe their alarm. They admit that fact, but continue the uproar against the proposal because Roosevelt wants it done. These dichards are the same fellows who exhausted their resources of opposition to defeat Roosevelt last November. Failing miserably in that effort they are now staging a "last-ditch" skirmish to save a reactionary Supreme Court which they think would frustrate the New Deal program. After they lose this skirmish they will be sufficiently disciplined to settle down and enjoy life as unprivileged citizens.

DAN HARRIGAN

Omaha,
Nebraska.

SIR: Your "Autocrat *vs.* the Constitution" should be shouted from every house-top in this best and biggest medicine show the U.S.A. has seen since the shades of Barnum danced a snake dance in envy of what was missed in his days.

Sincerely hoping THE MERCURY a long and happy life, as one of the all too few honestly printed words of expression left.

VICTOR SCHLEY

San Francisco,
California.



ORCHID DEPARTMENT

SIR: After reading your magazine for the first time, I have decided just what is the matter with it. You people are an arrogant bunch of morons with no knowledge of common psychology. While it is bad psychology for me to say this, I can't resist it. You are the kind who need to read Dale Carnegie's book and learn how to handle people. You try to drive facts into your reader's head with a literary pile-driver. You don't realize there is a certain amount of fight and backbone in the human animal. The first time I read your magazine it was on the subway, and I fear people must have looked at me, I frothed so at the mouth. Yours is a magazine of arrogant, stubborn opinion, and it is about time

you literary morons begin to realize that in literature as well as anything else, there is such a thing as a norm, and you who deviate from that point are treading on dangerous ground.

PAUL S. SINGER

New York City.

SIR: Yesterday being Mother's Day, my two children presented me with a quarter to buy something special for myself. My favorite luxury, the *Reader's Digest*, being unavailable at the newsstand, I bought an AMERICAN MERCURY instead.

Reading it I was just thinking that the *Reader's Digest* had found a rival in my affections when I stumbled on to your editorial. I don't know who wrote this particular piece of literature (?) but I hate his snobbish insides anyway. I hope he'll someday be reduced to working in a sweatshop for four dollars a week. I hope that after going without sufficient food for weeks, he'll take some of his precious earnings and consult a doctor about his failing health. And I hope this doctor tells him he isn't eating heartily enough, prescribes a tonic for him, takes his money, and bids him good day. Phooey! and any other vulgar expressions you can think of. From a parasitic, semi-literate, not to say moronic, Swine.

SALLY DOYLE

Galeton,
Pennsylvania.



PROGRESS

SIR: The women can't take it. Ever since my article, "The Vanishing American Male", appeared, they have been writing me and taking the hide off my behind. But I am content. A Mr. Earl Bunnell, barber of Colebrook, N. H., wrote me to say that after reading the article he has replaced two gorgeous spittoons in his shop. Thus the piece was not in vain.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

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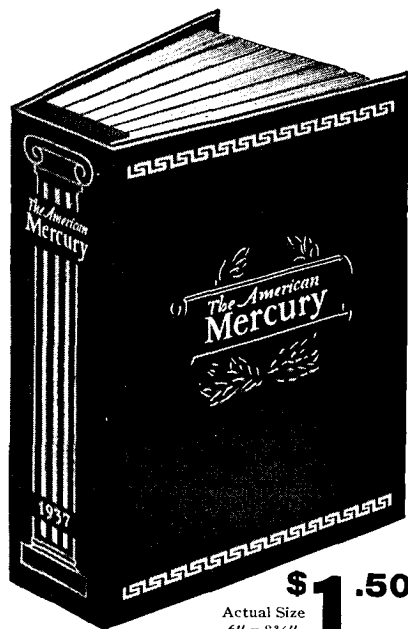
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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front adv't section, p. vi)

HISTORY

★★★★ THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN WAR AND PEACE, by Col. Oliver L. Spaulding. \$6.00. *Putnam's*. A compact and authoritative history of the Army, from Colonial days to the present time; done by the Army's foremost professional writer. Too little understood, too often treated as a stepchild by the executive and junior branches of the government, the Army is yet that American Institution which antedates the United States; and it has been and is inseparable from our national existence. The book has thirty-five maps, comprehensive appendices, and a bibliography. A valuable companion-piece to Capt. Knox's history of the Navy.

★★ AMERICAN CITY: A RANK-AND-FILE HISTORY, by Charles Rumford Walker. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Class-war in Minneapolis: a case history, broadly applicable. It reports only one episode in a very wide campaign, as yet incoherent. One heartening thing emerges: the European formulae do not apply in the United States; and given time and cool-headedness, our problem can be solved without the loss of too much hide and hair.

DEATH OF AN EMPIRE, by Imre Balassa. \$3.00. *Hillman-Curl*. Report of the last sad days of the Hapsburgs and the Holy Roman Empire. Out of the debacle emerge two clean-cut figures: Franz Joseph, the old Emperor, a monument to the strength of sheer inertia; and the Empress Zita, who has vitality. But the story is yet to be written, for Zita lives.

ECONOMICS

★★★★ IN DEFENSE OF CAPITALISM, by James H. R. Cromwell and Hugo E. Czerwonky. \$3.50. *Scribner*. A stimulating examination of the present economic system, with particular emphasis on the flow of money. There are at least a dozen first-rate ideas in the book which will be a grand

investigation by practicing economists. A volume to be read by everyone interested in the present breakdown of American capitalist-democracy.

★★ THE STORY OF KING COTTON, by Harris Dickson. \$2.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. Of how the King rules below the Mason and Dixon Line, and of how he serves, and is served by, some 14,000,000 subjects. Writers on technical topics can profit by studying Mr. Dickson's free and colorful style.

FICTION

★★★★ BUGLES BLOW NO MORE, by Clifford Dowdey. \$2.50. *Little, Brown*. Richmond during the Confederate War, a thing discussed before: and love between a great lady and a sergeant: no new theme. But Mr. Dowdey recreates a fine city under stress, as Troy was in another siege that made some noise in the world, and he peoples it with men and women who suffer and aspire, and hate and love, and live and die. The best historical novel of the year, its documentation indicates a conspicuous gift for writing, and a rare and admirable capacity for honest work.

★★★ BUCKSKIN BREECHES, by Phil Stong. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Much the best of Mr. Stong's novels. A moving panorama of frontier life in Iowa, with authentic historical background.

★★★ THE ANTAGONISTS, by Hervey Fox. \$2.50. *Holt*. A psychological novel of unusual power, presenting, through the medium of skilled characterization, a contest between masculine and feminine will.

★★★★ I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLE-SALE, by Jerome Weidman. \$2.00. *Simon & Schuster*. A very thick slice of Americana, cut from Manhattan's proletarian flank. Somehow, this novel clears up a number of controversial problems: for instance, why the ranks of organized Labor are filled to-day with racketeers. Mr. Weidman's first short story appeared in THE MERCURY.

THE CHECK LIST

POETRY

★★★★ ROBERT FROST: A BIBLIOGRAPHY, by W. B. S. Clymer and Charles R. Green. \$3.25. *The Jones Library: Amherst*. This is far more than the conventional bibliography. It is a graphic portrayal — almost a narrative — of the progress of one of America's greatest poets; an "item" of prime importance.

★★★ THE SLEEPING FURY, by Louise Bogan. \$2.50. *Scribner*. Twenty-five poems (mostly short lyrics), tense in feeling and intense in effect. The patterned poetry is finer than the occasional free verse, but there is not a slipshod line nor a feeble phrase in the volume.

★★ ADDRESS TO THE LIVING, by John Holmes. \$2.00. *Holt*. A new poet with something to say and a way of saying it — a deft and seemingly spontaneous blend of grace and depth, light verse and shadowed poetry. The author is sometimes caught in the swirl of his fluency, but he usually manages to save the poem from being swept away.

★ SALTWATER FARM, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. \$1.90. *Macmillan*. Here, again, Mr. Coffin sings with ease and an occasional keen phrase, about oxen, clams, cows in the fog, stars, sweetgrass, skunks, saltwater, scythes — and, once again, the reader cannot only whistle the familiar tunes by heart, he can anticipate them.

★ THE POEMS OF MARIA LOWELL. \$2.00. *Brown University Press*. The first complete edition of a minor pre-Civil War poet who was the first wife of James Russell Lowell. Interesting chiefly for researchers and future writers of unread theses.

AFTERWHERE, by Angela Morgan. \$1.25. *Poet's Press*. Sad stuff by the author of such hortatory volumes as *The Hour Has Struck!*, *Hail, Man!*, *God Prays!*, *Heaven is Happening!*, and *Crucify Me!* The author rarely comes down from her exclamatory high notes.



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MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★★ SOCIAL AND CULTURAL DYNAMICS, by Pitirim A. Sorokin. Three volumes. \$15.00. *American Book Company*.

A truly remarkable analysis of the events, trends, personalities, and philosophical beliefs which have gone into the making of today's civilization. The central theme is the ceaseless conflict between what the author terms the Sensate and Ideational cultures of mankind. "We are," he concludes at the close of more than 2100 pages, "living, thinking, and acting at the end of a brilliant six-hundred-year-long Sensate day. . . . Beyond it, however, the dawn of a new great Ideational culture is probably waiting to greet the men of the future." These three penetrating volumes are essential reading for everyone who prefers to believe that the salvation of humanity does *not* lie in embracing the "ism" of the month.

★★★ MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILION, by Lancelot Hogben. \$3.75. *Norton*. A grand tour of the world of exact science, conducted by an ubiquitous professor for the benefit of muddled laymen. A few hours spent with Dr. Hogben will produce knowledge of considerable practical value.

★★★ CRUISE OF THE CONRAD, by Alan Villiers. \$3.75. *Scribner*. The writing is distinguished, and the illustrations beautiful. The story has all the pull of going down to the sea in ships.

★★★ RETURN FROM THE USSR, by André Gide. \$1.00. *Knopf*. M. Gide goes to some pains to prove that *Führer* Stalin is not God, and Russia not Paradise. Therefore, he has become a reigning devil in Communist demonology. But this book should nevertheless be read widely, not only for its criticisms but for its sound, tolerant advice.

★★★ DESIGN, by Percy E. Nobbs. \$10.00. *Oxford Press*. A stimulating, not too technical treatise on the relation of form to beauty.

mainly in the field of architecture. Confusion of thought on aesthetic fundamentals, the author observes, is heading the world toward artistic decadence.

★★ AMERICA, A REAPPRAISAL, by Harold E. Stearns. \$3.00. *Hillman-Curl*. The emigrée editor-author of *The Street I Know* has returned to the Republic to re-examine its ideals, its folkways, its philosophy, and its native brand of democracy. The book's theme is one of hope for the future—if we leave Utopia alone.

★★ PROFESSOR AT BAY, by Burges Johnson. \$2.00. *Putnam's*. A collection of sprightly essays, combining humor and philosophy, in which a pedagogue talks back to all those who indulge in the current fad of professor-baiting.

★★ AS I LIVE AND BREATHE, by Willie Snow Ethridge. \$2.50. *Stokes*. Light, gay, and Pollyanna-ish essays on the life and culture of Macon, Georgia. Done in the manner of a Dixie *Provincial Lady* on tour.

TWO QUAKER SISTERS. Introduction by Malcolm R. Lovell. \$2.75. *Liveright*. Diaries of the Misses Buffum, later Mrs. Chace and Mrs. Lovell, two dear little Quaker ladies enamored of the guileless Ethiopian race and hot for Abolition: and of the fire they helped to kindle. Such people made the Civil War.

CONVALESCENT CONVERSATIONS, by Madeleine Vara. Five shillings. *Seizen Press, London*. Agreeable chit-chat about nearly everything, between a gentleman and a lady on the sun-porch of a hospital. If it proves anything, it shows that propinquity conquers all.

BERNARD SHAW, FRANK HARRIS, AND OSCAR WILDE, by Robert Harborough Sherard. \$3.50. *Greystone Press*. Dreary and driveling literary name-calling, unconvincing and unimportant. The gifted Lord Alfred Douglas contributes a remarkable introduction.

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†† efficient recording, † poor recording.

ORCHESTRAL

***††† *Clair de Lune, Debussy*: (RCA-Victor, one 10-inch record, \$1.50). An imaginative and tasteful transcription by Stokowski of the Debussy piano piece, expertly played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the transcriber's direction. The rich and finely-balanced recording adds to the substantial attractions of this disk.

***†† *Merry Wives of Windsor (Overture), Nicolai*: (Columbia, one 12-inch record, \$1.50). Sir Thomas Beecham continues his exploration of musical by-ways with an exhilarating performance of Nicolai's gay overture. By his touch, the London Philharmonic becomes for eight minutes imbued with the Viennese spirit, with no sacrifice of its own splendid efficiency.

***†† *Symphony in F (No. 3), Brahms*: (RCA-Victor, four 12-inch records, \$8). Bruno Walter, who has been absent from the symphonic lists for some little time, here makes a welcome return in a new version of the Brahms Third. His conducting is not touched by any frenzy of recreation, but the musical values are invariably respected; there is warmth and decent emotion in the playing. The playing by the Vienna Philharmonic is in every respect admirable, and the recording is thoroughly satisfactory. Incidentally, the hall-echo which has marred various recent recordings by this band is pleasantly absent.

VOCAL

***††† *Che Gelida Manina and Recondita Armonia (Puccini), and Celeste Aida and La Donna è Mobile (Verdi)*: (HMV, one 10-inch and one 12-inch record, \$4.50). Some of the most remarkable tenor-singing of recent years is contained on these two disks made in England. The voice is that of Jussi Bjorling, a Swedish tenor due to make his first American appearance in the

RECORDED MUSIC

Fall. Both in its quality and superior use, the voice encourages comparison with such famous names as Caruso, Lauri-Volpi, and Gigli. There are suitable accompaniments under the direction of Nils Grevillius.

***†† *Der Erlkönig, Heidenröslein and Ungeduld (Schubert)*: (Columbia, one 12-inch record, \$1.50). A finely-sung *Erlkönig* by Alexander Kipnis is the recommendable feature of this record, the other songs being less suitable to his voice. The recording would have been improved by better microphone placement. Gerald Moore is the able accompanist.

***†† *Sempre Libera (Verdi) and Vissa d'arte (Puccini)*: (Victor, one 12-inch record, \$2). Airs from *Traviata* and *Tosca* expertly sung by Helen Jepson, with unexpected vocal richness and technical accuracy. The regrettably diminished orchestra is well-directed by Alexander Smallens.

PIANO

***†† *Concerto in E flat (Köchel No. 271), Mozart*: (Columbia, four 12-inch records,

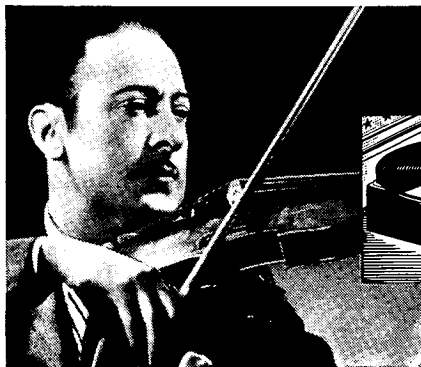
\$6). Early Mozart skillfully played by Walter Gieseking, with expert assistance from Hans Rosbaud and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra.

DANCE

They All Laughed and Slap That Bass, They Can't Take That Away from Me and I've Got Beginner's Luck (Brunswick, two 10-inch records, \$1.50). The best of the Frères Gershwin's tunes for *Shall We Dance?* in authentic performances by Fred Astaire. Johnny Green and his orchestra are the assisting artists, and the arrangements are excellent.

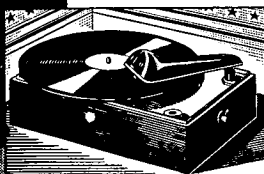
The Wren and The Beautiful Blue Danube (Decca, one 12-inch record, \$1). This may seem to have slipped into the wrong department, but the highly individual treatment of Josephine Tumminia and the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra is responsible for this listing. Mme. Tumminia does a perfectly straight job with the vocal part, but the Bud Livingston arrangement of the accompaniment is another matter. What results is some of the aptest satire on coloratura pyrotechnics that has yet appeared.

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